THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

VOL. XIII. NO. 11. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1894.—THIRTEENTH YEAR. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

IRELAND GETS MORE PROMISES

Home Rule Will Not Be Taken Up This Session, But Sometime in the "Sweet Bye-and-Bye."

Not a Word About the Measure in the "Speech From the Throne."

LONDON, March 8.—The first cabinet council under the presidency of Lord Rosebery was held at noon. The ministers were mainly occupied with drafting the Queen's speech, which is to be delivered on the approaching opening of parliament. The speech, it is said, will be a most important document, as it will practically open a notable chapter in the history of the United Kingdom.

Her majesty's Irish subjects are probably more deeply interested in the drafting of this speech than any other class of subjects of the British crown. So long as the Irish demands are refused British legislation can only be a tedious and unsatisfactory process, and the Irish parliamentary party, acting together, has it in its power to overturn Lord Rosebery's government unless the new premier has succeeded in making a deal with the Unionists, which would amount to the complete dropping of the Home Rule question. This, it is thought, is not possible and thus it is that the Irish now have the best of all opportunities of asserting their strength and winning the measure of self-government.

The Associated Press agent in this city has received from Mr. John Redmond the following address to the Irish people, which will be published in Dublin tomorrow morning:

"FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN: A crisis has arisen in the fortunes of our country which makes it imperative upon the men who struggled three years ago to retain Mr. Parnell's leadership in Ireland to address you in advice and warning.

"It is unnecessary to recall the circumstances under which an extraordinary, [illegible] party to abandon and overthrow their leader. Many evil consequences that we have predicted have already come to pass. Dissension and disorganization at home, apathy and indifference among the race abroad, have replaced one of the grandest and best disciplined political combinations the world ever saw, and the honorable alliance made with an English party when it was in opposition and thirsting to attain office, upon a promise of full justice to Ireland, has degenerated, so far as the betrayers of Mr. Parnell are concerned, into a confederacy with the government of the day in a policy of jury packing, eviction, house burning in Ireland, refusal of amnesty to political prisoners, delay or denial of justice to evicted tenants, and the prosecution of the popular leaders who espouse their cause. To such subserviency and weakness the final test is now to be applied by the Liberal cabinet in England.

"We warn our fellow-countrymen that Mr. Gladstone's retirement now from the leadership of the party can have origin only in a scheme to defeat the hopes of the Irish people by the abandonment of Home Rule or by such compromise as can only be regarded by Ireland as an insult and a mockery.

"In Lord Rosebery and the present cabinet we can have no confidence, and we warn our fellow-countrymen to have none. They will concede just as much as Ireland extorts by the organization of her people and absolute and unfettered independence of English parties.

"The time has arrived not only for plain speaking but prompt action, and we call upon you no longer to tolerate a policy of national subserviency to English party interests. Organize the forces of our race in support of the struggle for national government. Show the Irish representatives that you will tolerate no miserable compromise with your country's rights for the convenience of either English party; that you regard it nobler in your race and more befitting the dignity and honor of Ireland to continue, if necessary, a bitter struggle with both than to continue to be the scorn of one and the deluded dupes of the other."

The address is signed by Mr. John Redmond, Mr. Timothy Harrington and Mr. Joseph Edward Kenny.

Will State His Programme.

LONDON, March 9.—Lord Rosebery, the new premier, will, March 17, make an address at Edinburgh to delegates from the Liberal associations of all parts of Scotland. Upon this occasion Lord Rosebery is expected to make an important pronouncement of the policy which the new ministry intends to adopt.

The *Globe*, discussing the address which John Redmond has issued to the Irish people, says: "Redmond and the faithful few who refused to desert their leader know perfectly well that the recent events mean that Home Rule will be dropped and that the unholy compact between the McCarthyites and Mr. Gladstone will not advance their cause, while the only result has been that of causing Mr. Gladstone to leave them and his party in the lurch. If, personally, it has been satisfactory to them, it has done nothing for the dollar providers, and unless something is done McCarthy, Sexton, Dillon and company will find their occupation gone.

The Queen's Speech.

LONDON, March 12.—Parliament was opened today, the session promising in many respects to be one of the most interesting and important ever held. The Queen's speech, as predicted, was brief, touching only the more immediate questions and making no mention of Home Rule or the house of lords. Lord Rosebery, however, in an address to the Liberal party declared that the position of the Liberal party would not be changed. While the measure will not be taken up at this session, he promised not to abandon the policy. The premier also asserted that the house of lords had become an anomaly controlled by a single party leader. The Irish leaders are somewhat disappointed at the omission of any reference to Home Rule in the Queen's speech. In the speech from the throne the Queen said:

"Negotiations are in progress with the United States for the purpose of executing the award of the court of arbitration in the question of the seal fisheries of the Bering Sea.

"Two collisions, accompanied by lamentable loss of life, lately occurred with the French colonial forces in West Africa. I await the result of the inquiry in regard to these deplorable occurrences with full confidence that they will be examined in a calm and dignified temper, as befits two great nations upon such an occasion.

"GENTLEMEN OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS: The estimates for the public service will be laid before you. They will be found to make full and adequate provision for the defense of the empire.

"MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN: The recent improvement in the state of Ireland has been continuous and marked. Agrarian crime has been reduced, under the administration of ordinary law, to the lowest point that has been reached for the last fifteen years. The condition, however, of a considerable body of the evicted tenants of that country requires early attention. A measure will be submitted to you with the view of a reasonable settlement of this question, deeply affecting the well-being of Ireland.

Bills will be submitted for the amendment of the registration, the abolition of plural voting, dealing with the ecclesiastical establishments of Wales and Scotland, the equalization of rates in London, local government for Scotland on the same basis as recently accorded to England and Wales, and the exercise of direct local control of the liquor traffic.

You will be asked to consider measures for the promotion of conciliation in labor disputes, for the amendment of the factory and mines act and for the reform of the method of conducting inquiries into fatal accidents in Scotland.

G. A. A. NEWS.

The annual convention of the Gaelic Athletic Association was held on Sunday at Curran Hall, No. 350 Blue Island avenue. Mr. B. J. Mahoney, of the Emeralds, was chosen chairman, and Mr. Ed O'Reilly, of the Innisfails, secretary. Mr. John T. Keating attended the convention, and before the regular business commenced addressed the delegates present, and asked them to attend the parade on St. Patrick's Day in a body. His remarks were well received, and later on a motion that the Association turn out in a body was carried unanimously.

The Central Council reported that the Davitts were the victors in the hurling competition for last season, and declared the Shamrocks were the champions in football, to which, however, the Emmet club objected, claiming that they were not given sufficient notice of the game being arranged. A long discussion took place, and finally a majority of the delegates present decided that the match be re-played, at a time and place to be fixed by the Central Council.

A report given by the board of directors, who represent the stockholders and attend to the securing of playing grounds, etc., was received on motion. A suggestion that the board of directors and the Central Council be consolidated was rejected by the convention, and each will in future act independently of the other; this may lead to little petty dissensions, and it is to be hoped the Central Council will yet see its way to reconsider the convention's action in the matter.

Mr. T. O'Neill Jones was chosen society marshal for St. Patrick's Day. An invitation to attend St. Thomas' church on Patrick's morning, at which the Rev. Father Carroll will preach in Gaelic, was accepted, and a large number expressed their intention to be present. The convention then adjourned.

Man's Inhumanity to Himself.

The most inhuman outrages, outrages which would disgrace the savage, man perpetrates upon his own system by swallowing drastic purgatives which convulse his stomach, agonize his intestines and weaken his system. Many people constantly do this under the impression that medicaments only which are violent in their action, and particularly cathartics, are of any avail. Irreparable injury to health is wrought under this mistaken idea. The laxative which most nearly approaches the beneficent action of nature is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which is painless but thorough, and invigorates the intestinal canal instead of weakening and irritating it. The liver and the stomach share in the benign discipline instituted by this comprehensive medicine, whose healthful influence is felt throughout the system. Malarious, rheumatic, kidney and nervous complaints succumb to it.

THEIR "LUDSHIPS" DOOMED.

Labouchere Succeeds in Carrying a Vote, Which Declares In Favor of Their Abolition, by a Majority of Two.

Seventy-Three Parnellite and McCarthyite Members Vote In Favor of the Moral Revolution.

Henry Labouchere, by a coup-de-tat, carried, on Tuesday, by a vote of 147 to 145, the English commons in favor of abolishing the house of lords. The English Whigs stood it for a day, and negatived it on Wednesday, at the crack of the whip. This, of course, ends the business for the present, but the English found the dagger in their sides when, practically, both wings of the Irish party voted the abolition of the lords.

Rosebery Outlines His Policy.

LONDON, March 12.—Lord Rosebery, in an address before a great meeting of Liberals held at the foreign office at noon, outlined the policy he intended to pursue toward Home Rule and the house of lords. Continuing, Lord Rosebery said: "It was thought in the high office to which I have been called there should be a declaration of policy. That is not necessary, as we stand where we did. There will be no change of measures, and although there has been a disastrous change of men, they are all pledged to the same policy. In regard to the Irish question, we are bound to it by ties of honor and affection. The policy of Home Rule will not be less definitely pursued. If there is any doubt on the subject, one pledge which the government has given in this connection is the continuance in his present office of John Morley, chief secretary for Ireland. Mr. Morley has been offered a higher office, but he thought it his duty not to sever his career from the cause of Ireland. Our late illustrious leader, in his last speech delivered in the house of commons, made a declaration with which the present government have entirely identified themselves. The conviction has long been forcing itself upon me that with the democratic suffrage which [illegible] constituted like the house of lords is an anomaly. This conviction has been strengthened by the unhappy chapter of accidents which has turned the house of lords from a body of hereditary lawgivers, more or less equally divided, into one great Tory organization entirely at the beck and call of a single party leader.

"When the Tories were in office the power of veto was not exercised, but when the Liberals are in power the veto is exercised at the dictates of the Tory leader. That is a danger to the constitution to which the Liberal government is not blind and they will not lose sight of any measure which is constitutionally presented to the country in this great anomaly peril to which it is exposed.

"I will not go so far as some of my friends. I do not think that the peers should be treated as pariahs. I do not think the fact that a man was born in a particular position should debar him from the higher opportunities of serving the state, and I do not sympathize with the views of a certain deputation which recently visited Edward Marjoribanks (Baron Tweedmouth), though I agree that there is great inconvenience when the premier is not in the house of commons. I am not one of those who think that the peerage should be considered a stigma and a bar. But while I remain premier you may be assured that no Liberal in the ranks will endeavor more steadfastly to do his duty to the party."

Sir William Vernon Harcourt, chancellor of the exchequer, followed. He said that the enemy flattered themselves that the Liberal party was going to drop home rule. But the language of the premier and the presence of John Morley, as chief secretary for Ireland, was the best answer they could give to this supposition. Continuing, Sir William remarked that Mr. Gladstone's last speech in regard to the house of lords was an inheritance for the party and asserted that this question would prove to be the greatest subject of the future.

In the Commons—Harrington's Warning.

The house of commons assembled shortly after 4 o'clock. The Irish members gave an enthusiastic welcome to John Morley's announcement of the evicted tenants' bill. After the address in reply to the speech had been proposed and seconded, A. J. Balfour, Conservative leader, paid a graceful tribute to Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Balfour then referred to the promised reinstatement of the evicted tenants bill, and warned the government that the Conservatives would oppose any proposal to give persons who, for political purposes had defied the law, a portion of the public funds.

Sir William Vernon Harcourt the Liberal leader, in his reply to Balfour, said he was glad that he (Balfour) admitted the present tranquility of Ireland, although he refused to admit that it was due to the government's policy. The government intended to adhere to the bills they had promised, and if they were not passed this year they would be passed in 1895. The government would appeal to the country when they had placed the whole Liberal policy before it, and when they had placed the country in a position to judge of the conduct of the Conservatives, commons and lords, respecting the government's plans. The country would ultimately judge of the conduct of the house of lords in regard to proposed measures, and he believed that home rule would not suffer because it was hung up. Home rule was coming. (Cries of "Oh, oh," and "When?") To the question Sir William replied: "That does not depend upon me alone."

In continuation Sir Willian said he was sure the opposition would do their best to frustrate home rule. He concluded with the announcement that there would be no Easter recess.

John E. Redmond announced his intention of moving an amendment to the address in reply to the queen's speech, asking the government to reconsider the question of granting amnesty to the political prisoners.

Timothy Harrington thought Sir William Harcourt's reference to home rule was disappointing. He noticed a distinct change in the Liberal policy in Sir William's declaration, and warned the government that it would be a dangerous experiment to abandon home rule. The government must not suppose that because Ireland appeared to be peaceful now on the promise of home rule this spirit of content would continue if the policy of hanging up home rule was pursued. He was surprised that, after the Liberals' recent declarations, the coercion act had not been repealed. Mr. Harrington said they wanted the declaration of the government that home rule would be reintroduced. If the government intended to delude the Irish people by inducing their representatives to cooperate with the government until English measures were carried he would tell them that, far from cementing a union of hearts, they would earn more hatred for the Liberals than ever before.

What Rosebery Said to the Lords.

LONDON, March 12.—In the house of lords Baron Swansea moved the address in reply to the speech from the throne.

Lord Salisbury said he had no doubt that the house would find Lord Roebery to be a zealous defender of the legislative privileges of the house of lords. He dwelt upon the omission from the programme of any reference to international legislation, and especially marked the absence of the home rule question.

Lord Rosebery said the government did not desire to evade or shirk the question of home rule for Ireland, but explained that it had not been mentioned in the queen's speech because it would not be introduced during this session. "Lord Salisbury," the premier said, "wants us to appeal to the country. We are not afraid to appeal to the country when we think the time is ripe, but we shall never concede to this hereditary assembly the right to force dissolution." Referring to Ireland, the premier said the present satisfactory condition was due to remedial measures and the promise of home rule. Of course the decision reacted upon England, but he believed the conversion of England to home rule would not be a difficult task when the Irish people showed by their conduct that they are worthy of it.

OBITUARY.

MISS MARY CURLEY.

The death is announced of Miss Mary Curley, daughter of John Curley and the late Mrs. Curley (nee Geraghty) which occurred at the home of her father, Caltra, county Galway, on the 26th ult. Bronchites resulting from pneumonia, was the immediate cause of death. The funeral took place on Wednesday following the sad event, and was largely attended by sorrowing friends of the deceased. The funeral services were performed by Rev. P. Donaghen, Rev. B. J. Donnellan, Rev. T. Ronayne and Rev. J. Ronayne. Floral wreaths were presented by Mrs. Peter Naughton, Miss Joyce and John Keane; also by the Misses Carroll, the Misses Geraghty, and one by the four young brothers of the deceased. Miss Curley's death is one of the saddest events occurring in that locality for many years, and the news of her demise will be received with surprise and regret by her many friends in this country. Death has claimed for its victim at the early age of 23 years a devout Christian, whose short life was one of industry and charity.

IRISH LANGUAGE CONGRESS.

The following letter has been received from the Irish Language Congress Committee, and will be of interest to our many Gaelic-speaking friends:

DUBLIN, March 3.—*Editor of The Citizen:* A congress will be held at the Mansion House, Dublin—the lord mayor having granted use of same for the purpose—on Easter Tuesday, the 27th inst., to decide upon what steps should be taken to promote the Irish language.

Among the matters to be discussed are the necessity for the adoption of the bilingual system, and the appointment of professors in the teachers' training colleges and in the universities. With regard to the latter subject the committee is desirous to obtain particulars of the universities in the United States in which professorships in Irish exist, and what facilities are afforded to students for its study.

We should be glad if you would supply us with this information, and with any suggestions on the subject which might be of service to the congress. We should, too, be obliged if by publishing this letter in your paper, with the object of bringing the congress before such of your readers as are interested in the preservation of the Irish language, and who may be desirous of sending suggestions to the congress. We remain, sir, faithfully yours,

E. R. WHELAN,
J. MACNEILL,
T. WILSON,
} Hon. Secs.

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Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, carefully prepared from the best ingredients. 25c.

ENGLISH FREE TRADE.

The Hon. A. L. Morrison Continues to Bombard the "Soup House" Party With Proofs of the Fallacy of Low Tariff.

A Pen-Picture of the Terrible Results of of the Democratic Tariff Bill 1846.

PART V.

The passage of the Democratic tariff of 1846 was opposed vigorously by the Whigs, and its direful results were as clearly foretold by them as the present sad condition of the country was predicted by the Republican speakers and writers last fall. But in both cases the warnings were treated with contempt and the people dearly paid the penalty. The mighty Webster was then at the apex of his power, and one of his greatest speeches, which ought to be read by every citizen, running through three days, was delivered. The following extracts will give some slight idea of the great argument in favor of Americans and their industries. It goes without saying that so far as the Democratic Free-Traders were concerned it fell upon deaf ears. He said: "You indulge in the luxury of taxing the poor man and the laborer! That is the whole tendency, the whole character, the whole effect of the bill. One may see everywhere in it the desire to revel in the delight of taking away men's employment. It is not a bill for the people or the masses. It is not a bill to add to the comforts of those in middle life or of the poor. It is not a bill for employment. It is a bill for the relief of the highest and most luxurious classes of the country, and a bill imposing onerous duties on the great industrious masses, and for taking away the means of living from labor everywhere throughout the land." He showed clearly that this bill narrowed and diminished our industries, and thus deprived the masses of needed employment, and added: "The interest of every laboring community requires diversity of occupa- [illegible] The more that diversity is multiplied, even extended, the better. To diversify employment is to increase employment and to enhance wages.

"And, sir, take this great truth; place it on the title-page of every book of Political Economy intended for the use of the United States; put it in every Farmers' almanac; let it be the heading of the column of every Mechanics' magazine; proclaim it everywhere, and make it a proverb, that where there is work for the hands of men, there will be work for their teeth. Where there is employment there will be bread. It is a great blessing to the poor to have cheap food, but greater than that, prior to that, and of still higher value, is the blessing of being able to buy food, by honest and respectable employment. Employment feeds and clothes and instructs. Employment gives health, sobriety and morals. Constant employment and well paid labor produce, in a country like ours, general prosperity, content and cheerfulness."

Here are some of the predictions referred to above. July 29, 1846, the New York *Tribune* said:

"We believe the change just made entirely wrong—flagrantly, grievously wrong—yet we shall studiously avoid 'panic making.' When the crisis has been met with manful resolution, we apprehend that there will be quite disaster enough, suffering enough, because of this great national mistake. We fear that thousands upon thousands who would have been steadily employed and comfortably situated, if this bill had not passed, will now be destitute of employment and dependent upon charity for bread."

July 30, 1846, the New York *Courier and Enquirer* said.

"The country will be flooded with foreign goods, many manufactories will be stopped, and others will work at half price; the home market now being built up will be injured, ruinously low prices of agricultural products will follow, and the day laborer will be required to work for reduced wages. The consequence of such excessive importations will cause a balance of trade against us exceeding the amount of specie within the country, which must be sent abroad, followed, perhaps, by a derangement of our monetary system."

And on the same day the New York *Express* said:

"Wherever the news will go, it will sound a death knell in the ear of industry and enterprise. No sadder tidings for many a year have reached all branches of labor, and the outcry, therefore, is general."

Similar quotations could be made to a great extent, but these must suffice.

The bill was passed and went into operation, and the direful prophecies above quoted were fulfilled almost literally.

For a few years the discovery of gold in California, foreign wars and almost total failure of European crops, averted the impending calamities, but that only intensified them when they did come. It is always easy to make predictions, but it is a notable fact that Democratic predictions are never realized. For instance, they predicted that the war for the Union would be a failure, that the resumption of specie payments would bankrupt the treasury, that the election of Cleveland would bring better times, better wages, better employment, higher prices for wool and lower prices for clothing. Will any Democrat say that the very opposite of these prophecies did not take place? But what of the predictions quoted above? Were they true or false? Let the following facts reply:

On Dec. 18, 1854, the New York *Tribune* published a collection of facts which showed the dreary and prospectively desperate condition of industry and commerce. It showed that the chief industries necessary to life of the nation were partially or wholly collapsed through the influences and effects of the British Free Trade doctrines put into operation here by the tariff of 1846; that our people had been brought to a condition, which in Europe is attendant upon revolution, and that in every occupation and branch of business the depression was so terrible that one-half or more of all employes had been thrown out of employment. It added:

"What a picture is here presented! We have supported European manufacturers and artists and middlemen to the neglect of our own men of industry and talent, of whatever kind, and that is the sole reason of our difficulty."

One year later, Jan. 15, 1855, the New York *Tribune* printed the following pathetic article, which explains itself:

"Who is hungry? Go and see. You that are full-fed and know not what it is to be hungry—perhaps never saw a hungry man—go and see. Go and see thousands, men and women, boys and girls, old and young, black and white, of all nations, crowding and jostling each other, almost fighting for a first chance, acting more like hungry wolves than human beings, in a land of plenty, waiting till the food is ready for distribution. Such a scene may be seen every day between 11 and 2 o'clock around the corner of Orange and Chatham streets, where charity gives a dinner to the poor, and soup and bread to others to carry to their miserable families.

"On Saturday we spent an hour there at the hour of high tide. We have never seen anything like it before. Upward of a thousand people were fed with a plate of soup, a piece of bread and a piece of meat, on the premises, and in all more than sixteen hundred. On the same day 1,130 portions of soup were dealt out from rooms on Duane street for the relief of the poor, on the same day, they gave food to 2,256. In the Sixth ward alone over six thousand persons were fed by charity on Saturday, Jan. 13. And this is only one day in one ward. Meanwhile, scenes of a like nature are being enacted all over the city.

"The cry of hard times reaches us from every part of the country. The making of roads is stopped, factories are closed and houses and ships are no longer being built. [illegible] carpenters, bricklayers and laborers are idle, and paralysis is rapidly embracing every pursuit in the country. The cause of all this stoppage of circulation is to be found in the steady outflow of gold to pay foreign laborers for the cloth, the shoes, the iron and the other things that could be produced by American labor, but which cannot be so produced under our present revenue system. The convulsion would have come upon us sooner but for the extraordinary demand in Europe for breadstuffs, growing out of huge famines and big wars, and but for the dazzling and magnificent discovery of gold mines in California, by which hard money, sufficient to buy an empire, has been called into existence and exported to Europe. If we could stop the import of the foreign articles, the gold would cease to flow out to pay for them, and money would then again become more abundant, labor would then again be in demand, shoes, clothing and other commodities would then again be in demand, and men would then cease to starve in the streets of our towns and cities. If it be not stopped the gold must continue to go abroad, and employment must become from day to day more scarce, until where there are now many thousands we shall see tens of thousands of men everywhere crying: 'Give me work! Only give me work! Make your own terms—my wife and children have nothing to eat!'" Were the Whig predictions verified? Democrats, answer.

These extracts read as if they were taken from yesterday's papers instead of from those of 1855. History is again repeating itself and proving that English Free Trade, as expounded by Gen. McMahon and his party, has always been beneficial to England and detrimental to America. Why England desires this is easily understood, why the Democratic party of our times is always ready to support her is hard to comprehend, but why Irishmen so persistently stand by that party which stands alone in its advocacy of this English system passes all human understanding. But on this point I will have more to say hereafter.

A. L. MORRISON.

SCHILLER THEATRE.

The opportunity of witnessing the brilliant comedy company now at the Schiller Theatre in Dumas' famous and sensational society play, "The Crust of Society," closes with the present week. The piece, superbly put upon the stage and magnificently costumed, is sustained by a powerful company of comedy artists specially created for it. A strong feature of public interest this week is the exchange of characters between Miss Zeffie Tilbury and Miss Elita Proctor Otis. Miss Otis now presents the famous part, Mrs. Eastlake Chapel, played last week by Miss Tilbury, who adds to her renown as a graceful and accomplished actress by her brilliant impersonation of Mrs. Ernestine Echo.

Sandow, the marvelously strong man, the most powerful athlete the world has ever seen, will soon appear at the Schiller. Manager Prior has secured this world-renowned prodigy of strength for one week, and he will appear as the central and heroic figure of a drama specially to be produced for him. Thousands were delighted with the performance of Sandow at the Trocadero last year, and they will be eager to see him again, especially as a dramatic attraction in a first-class theatre.

IRISH NEWS.

Brief Mention of Important Events Which Have Recently Occurred Throughout Ireland.

Some Interesting Items For Those Who Have a Knowledge of the Old Country.

Kilkenny needs a new town hall very badly, and the citizens of that place are debating whether to issue shares of £1 each and erect the building themselves, or leaving the corporation do it.

On the occasion of the feast of St. Brigid the solemn ceremony of the profession of a nun took place in the community chapel of the Sisters of Mercy, Ballinrobe, when Sister Mary Magdalen, daughter of Patrick Sheridan, Bettystown, Drogheda, had the the happiness of receiving the black veil from the hands of the Very Rev. Dean Ronayne, P.P., assisted by the Rev. J. McDermott, C.C., and Rev. P. Mulloy, C.C.

The population of Ireland is now estimated at 4,615,190.

The Kilkenny *Journal* of Feb. 21 says: "A strange discovery was made at Limerick prison on Friday. Some prisoners who were under the charge of warders were making some alterations at the prison, and as they were progressing with the work it was decided that the surface-water, which had collected in front of the buildings in the prison yard, should be carried off. Several prisoners were assigined for the work, and after excavating to a depth of several feet the prisoners found they could proceed no further, as they had come to the flagging. This was, after some consultation, ordered to be removed, when to the surprise of all a deep passage, with stone steps leading to it, was disclosed. There were niches in the walls as if for coffins, and a coffin was found on the floor containing a skeleton. Several other remains were also found, and the discovery was communicated to the governor, Captain Dennehy. The remains were not supposed to be those of the convicts executed at the prison, as there is a special portion of ground alloted for such purposes. Most people think that the remains are those of officers or soldiers that were killed at the siege of Limerick, two centuries since."

Nicholas Connors, a pensioner, aged 65 years, was accidentally drowned at Kilderry on the 15th ult.

Honorary testimonials were recently presented to Patrick Hanly, of Illaunacunaun Island, Michael Whelan and Patrick Cavanagh, of Inchaqnin, for their courage and humanity in having saved two men from drowning, while caught in a hurricane at the Oughterard regatta, on the 19th of September last.

The Tuam *Herald* of Feb. 17 has the following: "We are glad to see the spirit of enterprise still active among some of Galway's merchants, which is shown by the fact that a large vessel, the Netherby, from San Francisco with 2,500 tons of wheat consigned to Messrs. T. Palmer & Co., has just arrived at this port. This firm have their mills fitted up with the most modern and improved machinery and capable of turning out as good a description of flour as can be produced by any milling works on this or the other side of the Atlantic, and this extensive quantity of wheat is to be manufactured into flour at Messrs. Palmers' own premises at Nuns' Island, thus affording much-needed employment to a large number of hands.

An old lady named Eliza Hughes was murdered in her house at Parsonstown, near Slane, county Meath, on Feb. 17. Two tramps entered the house and demanded money of her, and on her refusing knocked her down, kicked her to death, and rifled the house of 10s.

The bishop of Achonry has appointed Rev. E. H. Connington, C.C., Curry, to be parish priest of Attymass, in succession to Father Meehan.

Daniel Jones, of No. 1 St. Joseph's terrace, Inchicore, died Feb. 18. He was one of the most sterling and prominent members of the committee of the I.N.L., and an Irishman who was ever ready to help on every good cause, whether patriotic or charitable, requiring sympathy and support.

Messrs. J. P. Evans & Co., of Limerick, definitely decided to establish a condensed milk factory in Kanturk, and already they have secured for this purpose a most suitable and commodious building, known as the tanyard, in the town. Little doubt is entertained but that the venture will be a complete success, considering the extensive tract of fine dairy land which surrounds that town, from which large quantities of milk are at present being sent to the company's factory at Mallow. The new factory will employ fifty or sixty hands. The Kanturk Dairy Company are also proceeding vigorously to work, and are at present advertising for contractors to supply the plant.

At a recent meeting of the Dublin municipal council the town clerk read a letter from the secretary of the Science and Art Department London, on the subject of teaching Irish in the Technical Schools, Lower Kevin street. The letter stated that the lords of the committee of council on education desired to call attention to the words of section 8 of the Technical Instruction act. These were "and any other form of instruction (including modern languages and commercial and agricultural subjects)." The letter continued, "When these words are read in connection with the rest of the definition clause, and subject to the object of the act, it is evident that modern languages are included, not for the purposes of general education or culture, but as directly bearing on commercial education. Now, if Irish can be looked upon as a modern language, it would be necessary for my lords to be satisfied that instruction in it would be of advantage commercially. Neither Gaelic nor Welsh has been included as a subject of technical instruction. The question of the inclusion of Irish would have to be very carefully considered if, after what has been said, the municipal council still make application for a special minute." Sir Robert Sexton moved that the municipal council being of opinion that the teaching of Irish should be made part of the curriculum in the Technical School, Kevin street, under the Technical Instruction act, call upon the lords of the committee of council on education to make this one of the subjects to be taught there; that the council considers the knowledge of Irish to be of commercial value, and would earnestly press the matter upon their consideration, and that the class should be opened as soon as possible. Mr. Lenehan seconded the motion. Mr. Clancy said the letter from the Science and Art Department displayed a gross amount of ignorance. He would like to see them sending such a letter to any body in Wales. In North Wales a judge could not be appointed unless he understood Gaelic, and solicitors and others connected with the legal profession were also required to have a knowledge of the language. That was particularly the case in North Wales, and the Science and Art Department would not have the impertinence to send a letter like the present one to any municipal body in towns like Swansea, Cardiff, and Beaumauris. He thought there should be a strong representation sent over to these gentlemen in London to disabuse their minds of the idea that Gaelic was not a commercial language. Ald. Sir Robert Sexton pointed out that the Royal Dublin Society were in the habit of sending teachers of agriculture to the congested districts, and that was a strong argument in favor of Irish being taught in the city. Mr. Tallon thought they should add to the resolution a recommendation that Irish should be taught in all the National Schools throughout the country. The resolution was adopted.

In the county Waterford 1,321 speak Irish only; 36,158 speak Irish and English; the remaining 60,772 speak English alone.

We have heard with much pleasure, says the *Mayo News*, that the beautiful old abbey at Murrisk is now secured against any further dilapidations. Mr. Francis C. Garvey has received a communication from the Ancient Monuments commissioners, stating that they are willing to take over the charge and preservation of this splendid old ruin, so soon as the necessary deeds are completed.

The Nenagh correspondent of the *Irish Independent* gives the following account of an eviction in Tipperary: "The sheriff's assistant, Mr. Mitchell, with some bailiffs, proceeded on Feb. 18, accompanied by a party of twenty police, under command of District Inspector Rogers, to the townland of Ballycahill, about two miles from Nenagh and evicted two tenants named Thomas and John Ryan, on the property of the Corville minors. Mr. Roe, Dublin, who is receiver over the place, was personally in attendance. Emergencymen were put into possession, and they are guarded by police from this town. Mr. Thomas Ryan owed, it appears, only two years' rent, half of which, £19, he offered to pay down, and give security for payment of the balance within a certain time. Today the emergencymen seized the tenant's stock which strayed back to the lands, and had them lodged in the pound here."

In 1889 the value of the output of the Irish creameries was £4,500; in 1890 it had grown to £9,000; in 1891 it reached £50,000; in 1892 it was £100,000; the 1893 accounts have not yet been fully audited, but it is estimated that the total output will be £150,000.

The following clerical changes have been made by the Rev. Dr. Lyster, bishop of Achonry: Rev. E. H. Connington, C. C., Curry, to be P. P., Attymass, in the place of the late lamented Rev. Edward Meehan, P. P.; Rev. P. Filan, C. C., Ballymote, to be C. C., Curry; Rev. P. J. O'Grady, C. C., Ballaghaderreen (late of Killasser) to be C.C. Ballymote; Rev. M. J. Devine (late of the Irish College, Paris), to be C.C. of Killasser; Rev. James O'Connor, who had been doing temporary duty in Attymass during the illness of Father Meehan, has returned to Ballaghaderreen as C. C. of the Cathedral.

James Shiels was evicted from his holding, Knockbarragh, near Rostrevor, Feb. 20. He held about fourteen acres of good land with a comfortable farmhouse. A decree had been obtained at the Newry quarter sessions last year at the suit of the landlord, Robert Small, who owns a large tract of land in the district. The tenant owed two and a half years' rent to November, 1892, amounting to £36 10s. A bailiff named Armstrong carried out the eviction. Acting-Sergeant Cameron and two policemen from Rostrevor station were present. "Every thing passed off quietly," says the Dundalk *Examiner*.

The *Connacht Telegraph* of Feb. 24 announces the death of Patrick Dempsey, Carnedan Cottage, Killasser, son of Michael Dempsey, and brother of Rev. Mark Dempsey, C. C., Banada Abbey, which occurred at the early age of 33 years, after a somewhat protracted illness. The deceased was a very popular and highly respected young man, and the esteem in which he was held can be understood when we mention that twenty young men of the parish, his old companions, formed a procession and insisted on bearing the remains by turns, on their shoulders, to the family burying place at Killasser, some three miles distant.

Several human bodies were discovered at the rear of the premises of Messrs. Steele & Sons, Belfast, on Feb. 21. It appears that the building, which had lately been destroyed by fire, was under the process of re-establishment. The workmen, in making preparations for the new building, came upon a piece of ground, which, on further examination, proved to have formed the rear premises of one of the old John street houses. Near the doorway they discovered the remains of nine human bodies. The skull of one of these bears a distinct mark of a fracture, evidently having been caused by a sharp weapon, the workmen took great care in not disturbing the bodies. They also found the skull of a woman and child in an advanced stage of decomposition. Up to the present the matter remains a mystery and the police are making vigorous inquiries. Several hold that the remains are those of the victims of the Belfast riots whose disappearance has never been accounted for. The Belfast correspondent of the *Independent* says that on Feb. 23 the workmen came upon further human remains, and also upon a couple of ancient Irish coins. One of the latter is in an excellent state of preservation, and bears the date of 1742. The other is much less distinct, but seems to have belonged to the same period.

The number of deaths registered in the Dublin registration district during the year 1893 was 9,409 (4,626 males and 4,783 females), equal to 1 in 37, or 26.9 in every 1,000 of the population. Of the 9,409 deaths registered, 2,830 or 30 per cent, were of children under 5 years of age, and 2,259, or 24 per cent, were of persons aged 60 years and upward, including those of 1,202 persons aged 70 years and upwards. The deaths of infants under 1 year old were equal to 180 for every 1,000 births registered.

A new edition of A. M. Sullivan's "Story of Ireland" will soon be issued.

Patrick Burke, Ballyvoile, was seriously injured Feb. 20, while hauling coal. He fell off the car and the wheel passed over his legs, completely shattering the thigh bone of one.

The firm of Mackey, No. 28 Upper Sackville street, Dublin, received an order from the Syracuse, N. Y., *Herald* for 18,000 pieces of shamrock, to be shipped not later than March 1.

RECENT DEATHS—The following death notices appear in our Irish exchanges:

Patrick Stanton, Castlebar, died at the residence of his mother in that town on the 18th ult.

The death is announced of Miss Anastasia Tobin, National School teacher, Coolasmear, who was very popular in the Dungarvan district.

Mrs. Jane Byrne, Naas, died suddenly on the 23d ult., aged 55 years, from the bursting of a vein in one of her limbs.

Mrs. Mullane, wife of Detective Sergeant Mullane, Carlow, died on Saturday, Feb. 24.

Michael Kelly, Ballyloo, died on the 18th ult.

At Kilrusheighter, Mrs. O'Dowd, wife of Thomas O'Dowd, P.L.G., aged 70 years.

At 42 Great Brunswick street, Dublin, Joseph Dunne, a very popular young man, son of the late James Dunne.

The Rev. Mother Mary Alacoque O'Neill, of the Presentation Convent, Carrick-on-Suir, died Feb. 18, aged 46 years.

Feb. 15, at Silver street, Nenagh, Catherine Ryan, wife of John Ryan, aged 37 years.

The death is announced of Michael J. Boyle, Dungarvan.

Miss Grace M. Gleeson, daughter of Dr. Gleeson, J.P., Bunown, Athlone, died at her father's residence Feb. 11.

Feb. 12, at Ballinrobe, Mrs. O'Brien, wife of Mark O'Brien, P.L.G.

At Carranduff, Feb. 1, Mrs. Caffrey, wife of William Caffrey, after a lingering illness.

At her residence, Earl street, Dundalk, Feb. 3, Mary, wife of Patrick Stephen McVeigh, aged 19 years.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY,

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

{ SEAL } A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

The Waterford *News* of Feb. 17 announces the death of Mr. James Hughes, Mayor's Walk, at an advanced age. He took a prominent part in all the national movements for Irish freedom since Stuart's election of 1828. Mr. Hughes was a Young Irelander in 1848, and in 1867 he gave a gallant son to the Fenian movement. He was an enthusiastic admirer of Parnell.

Did You See It?

Of course we mean the World's Fair. Whether you did or not you wan to preserve a souvenir of the most beautiful scene tnis earth has witnessed.

The Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route," is issuing the finest and most complete World's Fair Portfolio, each containing reproductions of sixteen splendid photographs of large size. The series will consist of sixteen parts, followed by a special part devoted to Niagara Falls, Macinac Island and other gems of American Scenery, and will be sent to any address on receipt of ten cents per part.

You can get these at the Michigan Central Ticket Office, No. 67 Clark st., or by addressing, with remittance, Frank J. Bramhall, Advertising Agent Michigan Central, 402 Monadnock Building, Chicago, Ill.

A Night On the Way.

We know of many business men who have traveled between Chicago and St. Paul over fifty times within the past five years and have never seen an inch of the track between Ilwaukee, LaCrosse and Winona, yet, notwithstanding, they will assert that the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul is the best and most attractive railway between the Great Lakes and the Twin Cities (St. Paul and Minneapolis.) They know nothing, beyond heresay, of the beautiful scenery through the Lake Region of Wisconsin or along the Upper Mississippi river, which a daylight ride over this great railway affords; but they back their judgment on their experience with the night train service, which enables them to start from one terminal in the evening and arrive at the other terminal in the morning. The traveler knows instinctively that the track is perfect, because there is no appreciable jolt or jar. He knows that there is not in Europe or America a more complete and satisfactory train than the Electric Lighted, Steam Heated Vestibule Limited, with its berth reading lamps and other magnificent appointments. The Dining Car service is superb. Supper is served on the train leaving Chicago each evening; breakfast on the train arriving at Chicago each morning. Is it any wonder that business men and tourists prefer this—the best—route between Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Minneapolis? Ticket office, 207 and 209 Clark street, Chicago.

A CONVICT'S CLEVER RUSE.

Ignorance Through Which He Missed Half His Life, but Gained Liberty.

When the present oldest inhabitants of Sing Sing were boys, there were no walls around the prison, as there are now. The convict's only satisfaction in winter was the chance it gave him for making a dash upon the ice for liberty. In those far back days the winters were uniformly rigorous, commencing early in November and continuing until late in March. Every season it used to be a familiar sight to see the guards out on the ice, some distance from the shore, patrolling regularly prescribed beats and having sentry boxes, in which they took refuge in stormy or exceedingly cold weather. Sometimes convict messengers went out to the guards to bring them their lunch or an order from the warden. It was on one of these visitations of a convict to a guard that the frozen bosom of the Hudson presented an animated scene. The guard, like most of those who had ice beats, was provided with skates, that, should occasion arise, he could chase in an effectual manner and have an advantage over a fleeing convict having only his shoes to depend upon.

The guard in question was circling about, cutting pigeon wings, rings, figure eights and all the fancy figures, when he suddenly stopped in front of the convict messenger who had come out to him, a young, athletic fellow, and inquired if he could cut those figures on the ice.

The convict said he never had a pair of skates on in his life. Nothing would tempt him to risk his head with those slippery blades on his feet. He said he had been brought up in the south, where they do not have any skating. When he came to New York, he was too old to attempt to learn anything requiring so much skill. He thought it was necessary to grow up with it as a sort of second nature.

The guard told him he had "missed half his life" in not learning to skate and offered to give him a little preliminary lesson, "just for the fun of the thing," to relieve the dreary monotony of guard duty.

The convict expostulated and said it was no use; he would have to be carried back to the prison hospital on a stretcher with a broken head or broken bones if he tried any such performance.

While this conversation was taking place, the guard had taken off his skates, and as he unbuckled the last strap he told the convict to strap them on his own feet, and he would hold him and give him a lesson in the graceful art. The convict obeyed and soon had both skates on his feet. Then came the fun for the guard. He would let go of the convict every few minutes and let him tumble and scramble back as best he could to his feet. They both laughed merrily over the sorry attempts of the novice.

This had gone on for 10 minutes, when, like a flash, the convict dashed off over the smooth surface of the ice, no longer a novice, but complete master of the art. He had been pulling the wool over the guard's eyes and pretending not to know how to skate only to get a chance to get the skates on his feet in order to reach the inviting woodland on the opposite side of the river.

Away he sped, like a shot from a rifle. The river was frozen solid to Rockland county, opposite. The guard was dumfounded. He gazed in blank amazement for a period long enough to make any thought of pursuit hopeless. He fired his carbine, but that only had the effect of warning the other guards of the situation. They, having skates on, gave chase, but it was of no use.

The convict had everything to gain and sped away like the wind. Before any systematic pursuit was instituted, his figure was quite a distant speck upon the horizon. He effected his escape. It was for a long time spoken of as one of the cleverest and most daring escapes in the history of the prison.—New York Times.

A Horse's Sense of Locality.

About the year 1856 a little colt was born on a farm in Aroostook county, in the state of Maine—a colt that was soon sold away from the place, to come shortly after into the possession of a physician in the town of Houlton, who at the opening of the civil war went "to the front," taking with him for cavalry service the colt, that had now reached maturity. Through all the vicissitudes of a five years' campaign this horse followed the fortunes of his master, being wrecked on the Red river expedition and suffering various disasters, to return at the close of the war to the state of Maine, across which he carried his master horseback until the town of Houlton was again reached.

On the journey through Aroostook county the road traversed lay past the farm where some 10 years before this horse had been born. Neither his life between the shafts of a doctor's gig nor five years of war campaigning had caused him to lose his bearings, and when he reached the lane that led up to the old farmhouse he turned up to the house as confidently as though he had been driven away from it but a half hour before.—Lewiston Journal.

In Two Jumps.

At Ashland, Wis., there are many Swedes employed in the various icehouses of that region. They live and eat in Ashland, and a little ferryboat takes them some distance across the bay to their work. One morning two of these men from Sweden were sitting eating their breakfast when suddenly the whistle of their boat blew, and their time had come. They rushed with all their powers down toward the wharf. Peter Peterson got aboard, but Ole Olson reached the bank when the boat was about 20 feet away. Peter was filled with the utmost concern, and leaning over the railing in all seriousness he called out: "Yump, Ole, yump! I tank you make it in two yumps."—Ram's Horn.

The Right Size of Extinguisher.

Cholly—My bwain is on fire!

Miss Caustique—Quick! Somebody bring an atomizer!—Chicago Record.

No. 1893 Men's Size. The World's Fair Watch, Solid Gold Decorated Watch. 14k. Gold Filled Case. Price $25.00.

No. 1893 is a genuine Waltham watch in one of the handsomest cases ever made. The works are nickel and contain compensation balance, safety pinion, stem wind and set and all the greatest improvements. The case is one of the thinnest filled gold watch cases ever made. Remember, we mean that the watch when closed in the pocket is thin. The lids of the case are the usual thickness, and form a perfect protection for the movement. The case is made of a plate of fine composition metal, over which two heavy sheets of 14k. gold are drawn, making a case that is for all purposes as good as solid gold, and warranted for 20 years. Every part which is subjected to constant wear, such as the ring, thumb-piece, joint plugs, hinges, etc., is of solid gold. The works are especially recommended where the most accurate time is required. This is just the watch for doctors, lawyers, clergymen, county committeemen, railroadmen and all others who wish a really first-class article. The full-size figure of Columbus on the back is made of raised solid gold. In his hand he holds a flag. On the front is a raised gold representation of the western hemisphere which is accurate in every detail. Around this "world" is a solid gold wreath. We shall withdraw this offer very soon because there are very few of these watches left. The supply will probably be exhausted by Dec. 1. Returnable in three days if not as guaranteed. Price, including safe delivery, only $25, in hunting case, and $23 in open face. Address

"THE CITIZEN," 69 Dearborn-st., Chicago, Ill.

IT PAYS TO TELL THE TRUTH.

Lying Over the Dinner Table Nearly Finished a Man's Chances.

"Yes," said the man with the imperial, "it always pays to tell the truth. I remember that once, when I was a good deal younger, I came mighty near losing the woman who is now my wife because I lied a bit."

"To her?" asked the young man with the Vandyke beard.

"No; to her father. You see, it was this way: I was a young sprig of a clerk then, with but little money and no prospects in particular. I had seen the girl who is my wife at one or two places I had been, and I was dead in love with her. I figured around and got permission to call on her, and it wasn't long before I had proposed and had been accepted. Then came the tug of war. I had to go and ask her father for her hand. He was rich as mud and had the reputation of being the ugliest old skate in the ward. I got my courage up one morning, though, and walked into his office and struck him for the girl. After I had told him what I wanted he asked me to sit down, and we had a long talk. He inquired into my prospects and my habits and all that and wound up by inviting me to dinner the next day.

"I was tickled to death, for I thought I had made a hit with the old man, and I went to dinner the next night in high feather. The dinner itself was fair, but the wine was execrable. The old man kept filling my glass at every opportunity and urging me to drink. Then the ladies went away, and the old man produced cigars. He offered me one. I took it and lighted it. So help me, it was the poorest weed I had ever tackled, and I have gone against pressed Pittsburg tobies too! Then he poured me out another glass of wine and told me to drink it. It was something like a combination of spoiled vinegar and alcohol. It was abominable. The old man made great ado in putting his away. He smacked his lips, sipped it as if it were priceless Tokay and held it to the light in an ecstasy of admiration.

"'Great wine, that, don't you think?' he asked me. I said that it was the best I had ever tasted.

"'Oh, yes,' continued the old man. 'I imported that wine myself. Has a most magnificent bouquet. There's nothing like it in this country.' I assured him that I was confident of that. Then he went on praising it, and I chimed in with him and said three words for every one of his. I called it nectar fit for the gods. I told him that it reminded me of some very rare vintage which I had once tasted in New York and a lot of other guff like that, and wound up by assuring him that the damnable cigar I was trying to smoke was the most fragrant Havana I had ever lighted.

"The old man seemed pleased. He fairly beamed at me. I was congratulating myself that I had made an excellent stroke and was feeling on pretty good terms with myself when the old man straightened up and roared, 'Young man, you can't marry my daughter.' I ventured to ask him why, and he roared again: 'Because, sir, you are an infernal liar! You sat there tonight and perjured yourself about this slop we have been drinking in the place of wine. It is the worst concoction I ever tasted. And that cigar cost about 2 cents. You are a liar. The truth is not in you. If it is, you are a coward. You didn't dare tell me what you thought about this stuff. I want neither a liar nor a coward for a son-in-law. Get out!'

"With that he stamped out of the room, and there was nothing for me to do but go home. I made up my mind that the game was up, and I was disconsolate. I tried to see my sweetheart and was baffled at every turn. For three days I was heartbroken. Then I got a note from the old man. It read like this: 'Young man, on second thought I have made up my mind that I need a good liar in my business. Take the girl if she wants you, and I will give you an interest in the firm.'

"And that," continued the man with the imperial, "is the way I got my start in life and my wife."—Buffalo Express.

Theree men were arrested at Carthage, Ills., while selling a wagon load of poultry they had stolen from farmers.

What Some Wives Have to Bear.

A stout, pleasant faced woman got into a Harrow train at Baker Street station, followed by a man with gray hair and close cropped mustache and a dyspeptic expression.

They sat on the sunny side of the carriage. The man relapsed into a gloomy silence. The woman looked around the carriage and tried to be cheerful. "Cold, isn't it?" she observed.

"What?" growled the man.

"Rather cold."

"Where?"

"Here."

"Well, I suppose you can stand it."

The woman took the man's sourness as if she was used to it. After a bit she said, "What pretty flowers!"

"What?" growled the man.

"I said what pretty flowers."

"Where?"

"At the house we passed."

"Well, what of it?"

Five minutes later she said, "Isn't that a nice baby?"

"What?"

"Isn't that a nice baby?"

"Where?"

"There," pointing to a beautiful little boy on the opposite side of the carriage.

"Looks like a fool."

It was Sunday. A peal of bells could be heard while the train stopped at a station.

"That's nice music," said the woman.

"What?"

"That's nice music."

"Which?"

"Why, those chimes."

"Sound like a lot of cowbells."

Do you wonder that wives sometimes do not love, honor and obey?—London Woman.

Mr. Brooks' Trunk.

Among the many fine traits of Phillips Brooks' character were those of kindness, a consideration for all and a lack of selfishness as to his own comfort or convenience. An illustration of this is given by a gentleman who was once a fellow traveler of Mr. Brooks on a journey to Bar Harbor.

They went by boat, changing at Rockland in the early morning for the Mount Desert steamer, which leaves as soon as possible after the arrival of the Boston boat. Mr. Brooks' baggage consisted of a small traveling bag and a steamer trunk. On landing at Rockland he looked about for an expressman to transfer the trunk to the next wharf, only a short distance.

The only man there who seemed at all inclined to earn a quarter was lame and had a sort of wheelbarrow, in which he assured Mr. Brooks he could easily manage the small trunk.

Mr. Brooks looked at the poor cripple for a moment, and then handing him the bag said: "All right. You just run along with this bag, and I'll manage the trunk." And taking the steamer trunk by a grasp on the strap he walked toward the Bar Harbor boat, followed by the lame man, who was glad to earn his money so easily, but was not aware that the gentleman carrying the trunk was Phillips Brooks.—Youth's Companion.

The Peruvians' Sacred Number.

The Peruvians cared nothing for any of the supposed mystic properties of either three, five or seven. To them the four was sacred, and around it they entwined the main features of all their religious ceremonies and queer beliefs. They believed the earth to be a square divided into four parts and suspended from the heavens by four cords—one at each of the four corners. All of their cities were quartered by four principal streets running from a square in the center. They held four annual feasts in honor of the moon, the "silver sister of the sun."

To them eternity was to be divided into four periods of time, each composed of four times 4,000 years, and at the end of each of these cycles the sun is to be blotted out of existence. They prayed to the four winds, or to "ye gods that dwell at the four corners of the earth." To them the rains came from four enormous heavenly turtles that vomited dampness, and the four winds from the lungs of the four gigantic caryatides which stand at the four cardinal points of paradise. The above are but a small portion of the fours alluded to in the legends of the Incas.—St. Louis Republic.

ENID IN A FERMENT.

Two Hostile Camps in an Oklahoma Town.

BOTH SIDES ARMED TO THE TEETH.

A Couple of "Gun Plays" Take Place and Two Men Stop Cold Lead—One Gang Holds the City Records and the Other the Council Chamber and Law and Order Is Defied with Bloodshed Imminent on a Large Scale.

ENID, O. T., March 13.—A new factor has entered the municipal war in this city and precipitated another desperate fight, this time between S. F. Spencer, president of the "O" county bank, and a hard character named Flaherty, a notorious saloon loafer and all-around tough. Spencer has been identified with the Moore faction, even going so far as to arm himself in defense of Moore's action. Spencer was put in nomination by the Moore crowd for city treasurer, and becoming involved in a quarrel with Flaherty at the Arsenal—where both sides are camped on their guns—Spencer was brutally beaten but managing to get his gun in position commenced an indiscriminate fusillade on his assailants. Flaherty was slightly wounded and a spent bullet struck a woman on the street, but did not seriously injure her.

Town Divided Into Hostile Camps.

The Moore element is guarding the old city records in one part of the city with a trusted squad of armed men, and the Gregg gang has climbed over the ramparts of the council chamber in another part of the town and is transacting business with a new set of records. Every man who is out on the streets at night is closely scrutinized and a watch put on his track until his identity is well established. No one is permitted to go near either of the hostile camps without a pass from the leaders of the factions, and the feeling is so bitter over the Spencer-Flaherty shooting that it is feared there will be bloodshed and innocent persons will lose their lives.

No Compromise Is the Watchword.

The fight is for blood. No compromise is offered or expected from either side. Either one or the other side must make an unconditional surrender. The arm of the territorial court invoked by the Moore element has had no effect in dispersing the Gregg gang, and they put at defiance the order issued by Judge Bufford, of the federal court. The county officers seem powerless to quell the warfare. However, the county officers have taken sides and a desperate shooting scrape between Commissioner Williams and Jailer Williams has embittered the fight and it is believed one or the other will be killed before the war is over.

Met in a "Pharmacy."

They met in an Enid pharmacy, Jailer Williams declaring that the commissioner must go under. They commenced shooting at sight and the former was hit in the head and his friends carried him off the field in an ambulance. Jailer Williams is a desperate man and it is certain that when the two men meet again one or the other of them will have to go down. The commissioner is said to be a quiet, unassuming fellow, but has a good eye and steady hand, and his friends do not credit him with being a coward by any means.

Afraid of Incendiarism Also.

The Conservative element of the city deplore the war, but they are powerless to do anything and apparently have no recourse. Mr. Watson said to the Associated Press correspondent that many of the people dreaded that some firebug would set the town on fire and the high winds would wipe every building on the site out of existence. He patrols his premises every night with a Winchester to prevent his property from being burned up. This is only what a score of citizens do every night.

Threatened an Associated Press Man.

One of the leaders of the Gregg gang threatened to shoot the Associated Press reporter on sight if his crowd got the worst of the report. They claim that they are right, while the Moore fellows say they are willing to fight for their cause. Unless outside authority steps in and stops the war there will be a serious fight, and many lives will be lost.

WOMAN HELD IN DURANCE.

Startling Story That a Bottle Found in the River Tells.

PITTSBURG, March 13.—A note found in a corked bottle by Ed Snowden, watchman of the steamer Germania, which is tied up at Brownsville, created considerable excitement in that town. The note was written by a woman who said that she was being held a prisoner by two men at a gypsy camp. The place mentioned is situated above Morgantown.

The note was given to Harry Lincoln, of the steamer James G. Blaine, who took it to Morgantown and placed it in the hands of the authorities there. The writer wanted the finder of the note to send her help at once. The note was written on a piece of paper torn from a note book and was not signed.

Annexers Have Another Alarm.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 13.—Late news from Honolulu says that the provisional government has put half the citizens under arms to meet an alleged scheme to restore Liliuokalani by the help of Canadians enlisted recently. A number of men who are suspected have recently arrived, and the provisional government has adopted strict regulations regarding the arrival of foreigners.

Village Elections in Michigan.

DETROIT, March 13.—Returns thus far received from the charter elections held in the villages of Michigan incicate Republican victories in the majority of instances where party tickets formed the issue. In many instances the tickets were "Citizens," "Peoples,'" etc., and the elections quite largely turned upon local issues.

Tuthill on Coughlin's Trial.

OMAHA, March 13.—Judge Tuthill, who presided at the trial of Dan Coughlin for the murder of Dr. Cronin, at Chicago, is here. He says the verdict was quite in accordance with the testimony. He believed that O'Sullivan, Bourk and Cooney "the Fox," killed Cronin.

Jacksonville Man Missing.

JACKSONVILLE, Ills., March 13.—Hon. E. M. Kinman, a well-known attorney of this city, has been missing for a week. He left home to hunt on the Illinois river and later was seen on his way to Hannibal.

Gladstone's Latest Literary Work.

LONDON, March 13.—Gladstone finished a translation of Horace's Odes into English verse on the same day that he resigned office.

IS NOW A JUSTICE.

Edward Douglas White Takes the Oath in the Supreme Court.

WASHINGTON, March 12.—The induction into office of the new associate justice, ex-Senator White of Louisiana, attracted a large attendance to the supreme court-

EDWARD DOUGLAS WHITE.

room as the ceremony always does. There has been an unusually large number of opportunities to witness it in the last few years. Not for many years have there been so many vacancies and consequent induction of superiors to seats on the bench in so short a period as in the last and present administrations. Justices Brewer, Brown, Shiras and Jackson have all taken their seats since President Cleveland's former term of office. The ceremony of induction of Justice White was very simple but impressive.

WAS LOADED WITH BOMBS.

Important Capture Made by a Policeman at New York.

NEW YORK, March 12.—Three pieces of iron pipe, capped and primed and supposed to be charged whith explosives were found in a parcel carried by John Kelly of 583 Grand street, who was arrested while prowling with another man in front of Florist Amman's gardens in Harlem about 3 o'clock in the morning. Besides the gas pipe bombs, which are about eighteen inches long, there were nine paper cartridges in the parcel. Amman's is one of the most extensive hothouses in the city. In the neighborhood are the finest apartment houses in Harlem. The men were conversing in law tones when Officer Connors made a dart for the man with the bombs and grabbed him by the collar. The other man dashed away in the darkness. The man who Connors held tried to pass the bundle to the other man before he ran, but was prevented from doing so by the policeman.

"What have you got in that bundle?" asked the policeman.

"Oh, its only a bundle of clothes," answered the man.

"Well, let's take a walk to the station house," said the officer, taking the bundle from the man with one hand and grasping his prisoner firmly by the collar. At the station house the bundle was laid upon the sergeant's desk. When the latter unrolled the piece of newspaper and discovered what it contained he staggered back and nearly collapsed with horror. The sergeant on making the discovery immediately notified Inspector Conlin, and the latter hurried to the station house and sent for an expert to examine the find. It is asserted that each of the paper cartridges contained enough dynamite to have blown down an ordinary house. The bombs have not yet been subjected to a test. The prisoner would say but little. He is a laborer and is ignorant. The police are in hopes of capturing the man who was with him.

National Legislature.

WASHINGTON, March 1.—The senate, 33 to 27, laid upon the table Peffer's resolution calling for an investigation of the statement that senators had been interested pecuniary in sugar speculation pending the action on the tariff bill.

At 2 o'clock the seigniorage bill was taken up and Senator Vance resumed his speech against it.

Dockery of Missouri presided over the house in the absence of Speaker Crisp. Rev. James Dollover, father of the representative from Iowa, delivered the invocation. The District of Columbia appropriation bill was given right of way.

Heavy Failure in Iowa.

CEDAR RAPIDS, March 12.—J. R. Morin & Co., with a capital stock of $90,000, extensive egg dealers and owners of six creameries near here, have failed, the local bank securing attachment for $8,000. Total local liabilities, $14,000; assets, $65,000. The failure is due to inability of stockholders, who live in Boston, to furnish money. The firm recently lost $30,000 by damage to eggs in storage. It is reported that Morin company's total liabilities will aggregate $200,000, involving Morse, Smith & Co. of Boston.

Miss Pollard Faints.

WASHINGTON, March 12.—In the Breckenridge-Pollard case during some testimony referring to a child to which the plaintiff had given birth, Miss Pollard fainted and had to be carried from the court room. All the lady spectators were compelled to leave the room before court begun at the order of the judge.

Millionaire Becomes Insane.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., March 12.—Beadley B. Ives, a millionaire of this city, and one of the most influential financiers in Connecticut, has become insane. Mr. Ives is more than 80 years old and is said to be worth from $1,000,000 to $5,000,000.

American Girl Marries a Viscount.

LONDON, March 12.—The marriage of Miss Virginia Bonynge, stepdaghter of Charles William Bonynge of California, to Viscount Deerhurst, the eldest son of the Earl of Coventry, took place at All Saints' church, Ennismore gardens.

Resumed Operations.

DUDLEY, Mass., March 9.—The John Chase & Sons' mills have resumed work after four months idleness and will soon be running on full time in all departments. It is stated that a second reduction of wages will have to be made soon.

Entombed Miners Found Dead.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., March 12.—The bodies of the men entombed in the Gaylord mine Feb. 18 have been rescued. They are so badly decomposed that identification is only possible by means of the clothing.

Missing Man's Body Found.

CHICAGO, March 9.—The body of A. F. Donnelly of Belvidere, Ills., who disappeared in this city, was found in the river at the Lake Street bridge.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

NEWS NOTES GATHERED FOR OUR ILLINOIS READERS.

Some of the Principal Events Which Have Taken Place in the State Reported by Telegraph and Prepared for Our Own People—Crimes, Casualties, Etc.

EAST ST. LOUIS, Ill., March 8.—Three robbers were foiled in an attempt to hold up passenger train No. 5 on the Mobile and Ohio road at Forest Lawn, Ill., three miles to the south. The train left the relay station in this city at 8:55 o'clock in charge of Conductor William Eckles and Engineer Thomas Ryan. At Forest Lawn the train slackened speed, whereupon two of the robbers jumped into the cab and covered the engineer and fireman. The third robber boarded the express car, but found the door securely fastened.

"Open the door in a hurry," he shouted to Messenger Franklin, "or I'll blow it open with dynamite."

Franklin is a new man in the service, but he is full of nerve.

"You put your nose inside this car and I'll kill you," he replied.

The robbers were evidently not prepared for a fight, and when they found the express messenger remained firm they gave up their attempt and left the train. Descriptions of the men were telegraphed here, and the city police and railroad detectives at once started on the chase. This makes the fourth boarding of the same train at the same point for purposes of robbery inside of nine months. The Southern Express company has lost heavily, and will make every effort to capture the guilty parties.

ILLINOIS REPUBLICAN LEADERS.

They Gather at Chicago and Decide to Contest the Apportionment.

CHICAGO, March 8.—The Republican state executive committee met at the Grand Pacific in secret session. The two main questions to be decided were the time and date for a general meeting of the entire state central committee, and the advisability or inadvisability of commencing a contest of the apportionment of the state by the last legislature. The apportionment question brought out a variety of opinion, some of the prospective Republican candidates for the legislature having been benefited by the change. At the meeting it was decided to go on with the contest of the apportionment. A bill is to be filed in the circuit court at once and it will go to the supreme court at the earliest date possible for final decision.

Regarding the meeting of the full committee it was decided to hold it at this city April 10. At this time it is proposed to hold a grand love feast of Republicans, at which will be present the committeemen and leaders of the party from all over the state.

School Directors Sued.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., March 12.—The school directors of St. Francisville have been sued for $2,000 damages for suspending from school attendance children who refused to comply with the order of the state board of health requiring vaccination. They have written the attorney general for advice in the premises. The attorney general in reply advices them to lay their case before the state board of health, and adds: "Of course you understand that officers in obeying the law or a rule of action always take the risk of its being legal. I do not think that you are in any great danger because you have acted in good faith, and no court will be found which will punish an officer for trying to do his duty as he believes it to be."

Found Guilty of Abduction.

GALESBURG, Ills., March 9.—The jury in the case of John N. Smith, who has been on trial for a week for the abduction of little Lela Lamphere last June, returned a verdict giving the defendant five years in the penitentiary. June 21 last year Lela Lamphere, a 13-year-old girl, left her home in the city to visit relatives in Hermon, fifteen miles distant. On her way she had to change cars at Abingdon. While waiting for her train she was accosted by Smith, a married man 25 years old. He induced her to go with him to Peoria, and took her to a disreputable place.

Overflow in Des Plaines Valley.

CHICAGO, March 8.—Through the overflow of the Desplaines river over the dam or spillway between Summit and Riverside over 100,000 cubic feet of water is being forced into the Chicago river every minute. The amount of damage is beyond estimate at this stage of the flood. The water has swept destructively over much of the arable country and even guesswork on the loss occasioned will have to await confirmation till subsidence has made close investigation possible.

Run Down by a Train.

PETERSBURG, Ills., March 9.—The north-bound passenger train on the Chicago and Alton ran over and killed a man. A letter was found in his pocket dated at Spring Valley, Nov. 21, 1893, in which James McNulty introduces the bearer, Pat Ryan, to a Mr. Scafe. The man appeared to be about 35 years old, gray eyes, dark hair, had mustache and weighed 170 pounds. The coroner brought the remains to this city on a hand car.

Horse Killed by a Trolley Wire.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., March 8.—A broken trolley wire killed a valuable horse ridden by John Maldanar and nearly killed him and six other persons. Several narrow escapes were had during the excitement. The accident occurred right in the business center.

Economizing on the Indians.

WASHINGTON, March 13.—The Indian appropriation bill is likely to be reported this week. Chairman Holman expects that the total appropriation will be $1,000,000 less than last year, which will make the bill a trifle above $6,000,000. This saving has been made against rather spirited opposition from Representative Wilson of Washington and other members of the committee, who feel satisfied that the bill will be brought up to the mark of former bills when the measure gets before the house.

Accident at the Midwinter.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 13.—At the Midwinter fair grounds a stage coach with twenty people on board overturned while going around a corner at a rapid rate. Fourteen persons were injured, of whom three women and four men were seriously hurt. The coach was one belonging to the "'49 Mining Camp," and the entire party were employes of the camp.

Anarchists Celebrate Assassination.

NEW YORK, March 12.—To commemorate the assassination of the czar of Russia anarchists held a meeting in the Thalia theatre.

WILSON TARIFF BILL.

Changes Made and Submitted to the Full Finance Committee.

WASHINGTON, March 8.—The Democratic members of the senate finance committee laid before the full committee at 11 o'clock the Wilson bill, as they have amended it. Previous to the meeting of the committee Secretary Carlisle was in the room of the committee on finance and consulted with the members of the committee. The more important items in the tariff bill just presented to the full committee are as follows: Sugar not above 80 degrees polairscope test, 1 cent per pound, for every additional degrees or fraction not above 90 degrees, 1.100 cents additional; above 90 and not above 96, 2.100 per degree, and above 96 degrees, a duty of 1 4-10 cents per pound; molasses testing not above 56 degrees by the polairscope, shall pay a duty of 2 cents per gallon; molasses testing above 56 degrees shall pay a duty of 4 cents per gallon.

Whisky at $1.10 per gallon, and the bonded period extended from three to eight years. Iron ore 40 cents per ton, lead ore ¼ cents per pound, including lead mixed with silver ores. Coal, bituminous and shale, 40 cents per ton. Coal or slack or culm 15 cents per ton; coke 15 per cent. ad valorem. The woolen schedule shows few changes. These are about 5 per cent. reduction. No change in cotton schedule. Collars and cuffs increased from 35 to 45 per cent. ad valorem. The date for going into effect of the bill is changed from June 1 to June 30 and a duty is levied on articles imported or withdrawn for consumption. There is no change in lumber. In the internal revenue section is a new provision directing the president to immediately notify the Hawaiian government that the United States will terminate in twelve months the treaty made with Hawaii in 1875. No change is made in the rates fixed by the Wilson bill on imported tobacco.

MUCH MARRIED MAN.

John T. Hiler Said to Have Seven Living Wives.

CHICAGO, March 13.—John T. Hiler, who was married to Miss Grace Washburn at Bloomington, Ills., two weeks ago, after a half hour's acquaintance, was arrested in this city on charges of bigamy and perjury. It is alleged that he has been seven times married and that he perjured himself in obtaining the license at Bloomington two weeks ago. The complainant is Mrs. Adriana Washburn, the young woman's mother. Hiler, it is claimed, was first married six years ago in Decatur, Mich. In passing through the town he met Miss Jessie Graham, a prepossessing young woman who lived in that city.

They were married later, and lived together for more than a year. Hiler finally left her, with one child, and never returned to Decatur, it is said, where the woman still lives. It is alleged that he was again married in New York, but soon deserted the woman he had deceived. Although, it is claimed, he has been a party in six marriage ceremonies before meeting Miss Washburn, he has never been arrested for bigamy or desertion. Hiler will be taken to Bloomington. The officers claim that Hiler does not deny the charges against him.

CONFRONTED BY A DEFICIT.

Appropriations Likely To Be $50,000,000 Behind Carlisle's Estimates.

WASHINGTON, March 12.—Heavy pressure will be brought to bear upon the senate committee on appropriations by the various departments. Four bills have been reported to the house—the District of Columbia, the sundry civil, the fortifications, and the pension appropriation bills—and of these two have passed. These four bills carry, in round numbers, $191,000,000, which is $25,000,000 less than the present law and $28,000,000 less that the estimates sent to congress. The estimates were kept down as close as possible, and the secretary of the treasury has endeavored, but in vain, in the house to impress upon congress the necessity of appropriating up to the estimates. If this ratio of reduction should continue he will find himself, when all the bills have passed the house, fully $50,000,000 behind his estimates.

MICHIGAN SALARIES SCANDAL.

Filing of Affidavits in Lansing in Connection with the Matter.

LANSING, Mich., March 9.—There are a number of affidavits here in connection with the 1891 salary amendment canvass scandal. The ex-county clerk of Gratiot county filed one to the effect, that a former one signed by himself, and filed by the attorney general, for the purpose of showing that the vote of that county was not really canvassed, was not in accordance with facts. E. P. Ashley, an Ithic attorney, filed an affidavit, stating that Cowdry, the ex-clerk, freely made the former affidavit. Notwithstanding affidavits it is generally believed that the supreme court will hold that the vote was canvassed, which will have the effect of putting Attorney General Ellis' salary back to its former figure.

Breckenridge-Pollard Case.

WASHINGTON, March 9.—In the Breckenridge-Pollard case, the attorney for the plaintiff outlined what she would endeavor to prove at the trial. During the morning Miss Pollard became exceedingly nervous and finally hysterical. Mrs. Blackburn, widow of the late Govenror took the stand and testified that Colonel Breckenridge told her in the presence of Miss Pollard, that he intended to marry her (Miss Pollard.)

Could Not Find Colgate.

MOSCOW, Ida., March 10.—The second party which went into the Bitter Root mountain to the relief of Colgate, cook of the Carlin hunting party who deserted him on the Clearwater river, returned without finding any trace of him.

Spanish Cabinet Resigns.

MADRID, March 9.—The cabinet has resigned and the queen regent has charged Premier Sagasta with the work of reconstructing a new ministry.

W. Evans, a farmer living near Grinnell, Ia., fell from his wagon and broke his neck.

Henry J. Ellicott of Washington city, whose design has been accepted, will be given the contract for a bronze equestrian statue of General W. S. Hancock.

Michael Altifilish and John Kegler, 15-year-old boys, were drowned while crossing the river at Bellevue, Ia.

Joseph Brunk was dangerously injured by being caught in the machinery of his flourmill at Kewanna, Ind.

COUGHLIN NOT GUILTY.

THE JURY ACQUITS HIM OF THE CRONIN MURDER.

The Prisoner, After Being on Trial Twice for His Life, Is at Last Declared Innocent of One of the Most Noted Murders in the Country.

CHICAGO, March 13.—The jury in the Coughlin case came into court at 5 o'clock with a verdict acquitting Daniel Coughlin of the murder of Dr. Cronin. They had been out since 10:50 a. m. The scenes about the court room during the day were very exciting.

Outside the court room a special detail of police was required to keep the corridor free. During the reading of the instructions regarding the law Daniel Coughlin's face was pale as death. Heavy lines of care were in the features that have become sharp and pinched the

DAN COUGHLIN.

last few days during Mr. Bottum's speech of condemnation. Both Coughlin and the jury listened to Judge Tuthill's instructions with the closest attention. So did the crowded court room.

Mrs. Coughlin Breaks Down.

Directly after the courtroom had been cleared Coughlin rose from his seat in front of the jury box where he has sat for so many weary and anxious days and passed around the pillar standing between him and his wife. Mrs. Coughlin, who has borne up bravely so far during the trial, broke down somewhat as her husband sat down near her. The big tears rolled slowly down her face, and she clutched at her husband's sleeve, saying, chokingly, "Oh, Dan."

Coughlin made a low reply which no one heard and followed it up with a pleasant smile of reassurance. Then he sat down, holding his little daughter in his lap, to await the verdict. His little boy, a bright, happy little chap, was with him a second later and the prisoner busied himself with amusing them both. Mrs. Coughlin in a few moments regained her composure.

EDITOR KNOCKED DOWN.

Lively Row in the Cloakroom of the Iowa Senate.

DES MOINES, March 13.—In the cloakroom during the discussion of the temperance bill Senator Brower had an altercation with S. H. Shoemaker, editor of the Hampton Chronicle. Brower entered the room and Shoemaker spoke to him. Brower asked if he was not the editor of The Chronicle, and then said he desired nothing to do with him. Shoemaker followed him and asked if he had not promised to sustain the present prohibitory law if elected. Brower replied that he had not and any man who said so was a liar. A heated discussion followed and Shoemaker said Brower was a liar. He had scarcely uttered the word when Brower struck him in the eye, and followed it up with two more blows, knocking him down. Before any serious damage was done they were separated.

Lake Navigation Open.

CHICAGO, March 13.—Lake navigation has opened. This is the earliest opening on record, and was made possible by a heavy windstorm which followed a long period of mild weather and drove the ice out of the Straits of Mackinac. Chicago vesselmen did not expect such an early opening, but the grain fleet probably will move out at once. Of the 9,000,000 bushels of grain room in the river and harbor all but 2,000,000 bushels has been chartered. The unexpected early opening of navigation probably will precipitate a scramble for loads for the empty vessels, and may cut rates somewhat. It may also complicate the efforts of the east-bound rail lines toward a patching up of the rates.

McKane's Accounts Short.

BROOKLYN, March 12.—A committee of citizens of Gravesend, who for the last ten days has has been examining the accounts of the town, is said to have found many irregularities. Bonds amounting to $500,000, which were in the possession of "Boss" John Y. McKane, who is now in Sing Sing, it is rumored have been hypothecated with various financial institutions in Brooklyn. Just how much the town will lose is not known. So far, it is said, the committee has found a shortage of $300,000 in McKane's accounts.

Coke Ovens to Start Up.

GREENSBURG, Pa., March 8.—Information from a prominent official of the H. C. Frick Coke company is to the effect that within two weeks nearly every coke oven in the Connellsville region will be fired up. The move will cover at least 90 per cent. of all the ovens in the region; more, it can be said, than have been in operation for three years past. At the very lowest estimate six thousand men who are now idle, will be given employment.

Says It's Merely a Coincidence.

SAN ANTONIO, Tex., March 8.—The Hon. Bourke Cockran of New York has arrived here and will remain a few days. He was asked by the correspondent of the Associated Press in regard to the rumored conference that is to be held here between himself, Croker, Coudert and Gilroy. He laughed in reply to the question and said their all being here at the same time is merely a coincidence.

They Are Looking for the Lynchers.

RICHMOND, Va., March 9.—News has just been received that seventy-five of the friends of Staughter, the man who was lynched a fortnight ago at Sparta, N. C., are looking for the fifteen men who executed him. The men who lynched Slaughter are dodging about in the country to avoid the vengeance of thoroughly aroused friends of their victim.

CONDENSED NEWS.

History of the Week Given in Brief Paragraphs.

City elections were held throughout Maine. The Republicans were uniformly successful by increased majorities.

Arthur G. Earle of the firm of William H. Earle & Sons, proprietors of the Park Avenue hotel, died in New York under a surgical operation for appendicitis. He was a member of several yacht clubs.

By a cave at Bruce Mines, Ont., three miners were killed.

The county commissioners at Lafayette, Ind., refused to vote the $60,000 asked for as a donation to Purdue university to aid in replacing the recently burned shops.

John C. Young has begun suit at Freeport, Ills., for $10,000 damages against the Illinois Central railroad for alleged injuries received in a wreck at Dixon.

Richmond, Va., is making an effort to get the national encampment of the G. A. R.

Joseph C. Spaan, indicted for embezzling funds of Keokuk, Ia., while city collector, has settled for $2,000.

Howard S. Schaeffner, a wealthy retired farmer, shot and killed himself at Topeka, Kan. He was despondent over protracted illness.

* * *

Mrs. Charles Lingreen has sued the Illinois Central railroad at Urbana, Ills., for $5,000 for killing her husband while driving across the track.

After a session between miners and operators at Pomeroy, O., a one-fourth reduction was accepted. All mines in the Pomeroy bend will resume work at 2 cents a bushel, give employment to 2,000 men.

Lindell Stewart of Traverse City, Mich., the 12-year-old boy accused of robbing the mails has been taken to Grand Rapids for trial.

Andrew Carnegie's donation to the relief of the unemployed of Pittsburg, duplicating all sums raised by the citizens, amounted to $125,170.

An incendiary made a fruitless attempt to destroy the main building of the normal school at Geneseo, Ills.

James Laughrey dangerously wounded Matt Webb at Traverse City, Mich., by cutting his throat in a quarrel. Laughrey was arrested.

A riot occurred at the Bird Eye mines at Williamsburg, Ky. One hundred union men went into a mine where non-union men were at work and compelled them to withdraw.

* * *

The new council at Dixon, Ills., fixed the saloon license for the coming year at $650.

A movement has been begun among the eastern roads for the entire abolition of second class passenger coaches.

The New York Central road is relaying its east-bound freight tracks with eighty-pound steel rails. Between Albany and New York a 100-pound rail is being used.

Another case of mild scarlet fever was reported in the Michigan school for the deaf at Flint.

Tom Reed will be invited to speak at the McDonough county fair at McComb, Ills.

George C. Platt, who, still hale and athletic, was present at the Pennsylvania state G. A. R. encampment, is the last survivor of Sheridan's daring headquarter scouts.

Henry Shodel of Eldora, Ia., who disappeared in October, was discovered in the river by some boys. The body has been identified.

Delegates from Boston labor organizations met to form a new political party. The meeting ended in a bitter wrangle.

* * *

A Populist congressional convention has been called to meet in Enfield, Ills., April 5. The county convention has been called to meet in the same place March 31.

Frederick Gebhard and Miss Morris of Baltimore, a thoroughbred beauty of a city of beautiful women, will wed March 14.

The city council of Shelbyville, Ind., has decided to submit the question of license to a vote of the people April 16.

Suicides: At Cedar Rapids, Ia.—Anton Horsky shot himself; temporary insanity. At Oshkosh, Wis.—Henry Tretco, aged 68, drowned himself; no cause assigned.

William Hall, a railroad tie contractor of Vermont, Ills., was drowned near Beardstown in the Illinois river.

Frank Sehm was arrested at Rochester, N. Y., on the charge of causing the death of Anthony Wadel, who was tripped up in a practical joke and fatally injured in the fight which followed.

* * *

Growers of peaches in the vicinity of Benton Harbor, Mich., deny the reported killing of buds by recent frosts.

James A. Kerr, a wealthy merchant of Cardonia, Ind., has brought suit for $15,000 against Benjamin Simpson, charging him with alienating his wife's affections.

The Earl of Dudley's diamonds are worth $2,500,000.

Charles Casper, watchman at the Alton, Ills., bridge, fell into the Mississippi and was drowned.

Calvin Darling, a young farmer living near Mulberry, Ind., committed suicide by hanging.

Banker Beach, on trial at Terre Haute, Ind., for embezzlement, filed a plea in abatement because the grand jury based indictments on data obtained from the bank books.

Edward Foreman, a callboy on the Missouri, Kansas and Texas road, was run over and killed at Parsons, Kan.

Populists of North Dakota met at Fargo and drafted a plan of campaign. It was decided to begin a vigorous canvass and keep it up until election.

Thousands of Dollars

Mr. S. G. Derry.

I spent trying to find a cure for **Salt Rheum**, which I had 13 years. Physicians said they never saw so severe a case. My legs, back and arms were covered by the humor. I was unable to lie down in bed, **could not walk without crutches**, and had to have my arms, back and legs bandaged twice a day. I began to take **Hood's Sarsaparilla** and soon I could see a change. The flesh became more healthy, the sores soon healed. The scales fell off. I was soon able to give up bandages and crutches, and a happy man I was. I had been taking

Hood's Sarsaparilla

for seven months; and since that time, 2 years, I have worn no bandages whatever and my legs and arms are sound and well." S. G. DERRY, 45 Bradford st., Providence, R. I.

HOOD'S PILLS cure liver ills, constipation, biliousness, jaundice, and sick headache. Try them.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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Six Months.....1.25
Single Copies.....05
Clubs of five, or more, by mail, yearly each. 2.00

All Subscriptions payable in Advance.

Entered at the Postoffice, Chicago, for transmission through the Mail as second-class matter.

The publishers will not be responsible for any money forwarded through the mail, unless it is sent by Express Money Order, Postoffice Order, Draft, or Registered Letter.

All Communications of a literary nature should be addressed to the Editor. All business letters should be addressed to The Citizen Newspaper Company.

CHICAGO, MARCH 17, 1894.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st, between Clark and LaSalle-sts—"Mavourneen."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington sts.—"Erminie."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—"Lost Paradise."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—"The Rainmakers."

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—The Lilliputians.

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, betweet Dearborn and Clark—Closed during Holy Week.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—"Starlight."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"Niobe."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
Halsted street, Between Madison and Monroe.—"Heart of Africa."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an Empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

THE ADVENT OF A NEW ERA.

The resignation of Gladstone makes the close of the era of compromise. Gladstone's entire career has been one of compromises. He compromised with the Catholics of Ireland by his abolition of the Protestant state church, but at the same time he reconciled in a large measure the Protestant clergy and laity to the new situation by bestowing on the general synod the sum of twenty million pounds sterling, the yearly interest on which yields bishops and pastors as munificent salaries as those which they enjoyed before the Disestablishment act of 1870. Dealing with these Irish co-religionists of his, Mr. Gladstone was shrewd enough to return them with one hand what he had taken from them with the other. His Land acts were only mere temporary makeshifts. His home rule bill was a marvel of compromise.

His attitude to the house of lords was that of a Whig of the old school. Mr. Gladstone was fed, trained, and nourished his manhood on constitutional principles. He actually believed in the holiness of these principles as he did in the holiness of heaven. The monarchy, the house of lords and the house of commons were in his eyes a sacred trinity, the least tampering with the foundations of any of which institutions he regarded as a work of desecration and vandalism. He was cautious enough to keep to himself his reverential worship of the house of lords of late, for any such cult would be very silly in view of the fact that the peers had kicked his home rule bill out of their gilded chamber and butchered at the first innings several of his English reform measures. Under such circumstances he could not stand up for the upper chamber, for he would in that case have lost the support of the Irish and English radical members.

THE CITIZEN cannot help coming to the conclusion that it was his reverently conservative regard for the house of peers that induced him to tender his recent resignation to Victoria as premier. He foresaw that a great and mighty popular agitation was rising all over the land, the avowed object of which would be the destruction of that effete institution. He knew that that old tower of the supremacy of the few over the many was a tottering structure, whose foundations were for some years past undermined by the growing intelligence and boldness of popular opinion, and that at the first whiff of democratic grape-shot it would be swept pitilessly away from the political arena, and might drag the throne down with it in an abyss of lurid ruin.

Now there is no more loyal subject of her British majesty than Mr. Gladstone—despite the various snubs which she has inflicted on that great statesman. For instance when Lord Salisbury, after the last general election, surrendered his ministerial portfolio to her keeping, the *Court Circular*, her official organ, announced next morning that it was "with the profoundest regret she had to part with her liege servant." The *Court Circular* that chronicled Mr. Gladstone's resignation the other day had this to say: "Mr. Gladstone tendered his resignation to her majesty, which her majesty graciously accepted." Not a word in this announcement about "profound regrets" or "liege" or trusty servant. Mr. Gladstone's loyalty to such a personally offensive woman must have been of a most robust type to have stood the test of such treatment. Flunkeyism must have penetrated into the very marrow of the bones of the Grand Old Man.

With him will disappear for ever more the era for Whiggery. A few months may elapse before the new Radical era shall have been inaugurated. Lord Rosebery will be king supreme during that brief interregnum. His lordship will fill a gap between the ancient order of things and the revolutionary catyclysm that is to be. He is destined in the near future to be swept from power by a general uprising of the great masses of the English people against the house of lords. His lordship might as well try to stem the force of a torrent by a pitchfork as to stem the democratic tide by his voice or his influence.

In that English revolutionary upheaval lies Ireland's hope of liberty. England's difficulty shall have then become at last Ireland's opportunity. THE CITIZEN hopes that the Irish at home on such an occasion will rise like men to the level of the situation, and strike one effective blow for their freedom just as the Volunteers did behind their trusty cannon in 1782. We may say, in the words of the poet:

"God speed that day—that glorious day,
When in a swelling chorus,
We'll win our rights for e'er and aye—
The Green Flag flutt'ring o'er us!"

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

The Seventeenth of March is always an occasion of holy zeal and innocent jollification as the year goes round. Jollification might be considered indecorous on such an occasion as the death of St. Patrick; but that fact does not seem to be known to the majority of the celebrants. It is only meet and proper that we honor the Saint on his anniversary, that in his memory we sport the badge of our religion and nationality in the dear little shamrock—

"The chosen leaf
Of bard and chief"—

thanks to whose three leaves in one the great apostle explained the mystery of the Holy Trinity. The revolution which impelled Ireland to abandon her pagan gods for Christ was practically a bloodless one, unlike the record of every other nation in this regard.

It is said that St. Patrick expelled all the snakes from the shores of Erin. There are no snakes of the reptile order in the land; but there is a fair variety of human snakes in the country still, in the shape of the English garrison, which has got to be swept away by fire and sword from the land if St. Patrick's good work is to be completed. The day of the proclamation of our independence ought then to be the great national anniversary; while the date of our freedom from religious thraldom by St. Patrick could be celebrated, as now, on the 17th of March.

THE NEW ENGLISH PREMIER.

Lord Rosebery, the new English premier, is a comparatively young man, having been born in London in 1847. He was educated at Eton and Christ church, Oxford. He inherited his present title of earl from his grandfather, whose death occurred in 1868. It is recorded of him that a gypsy predicted three great events in his career: Firstly, that he would win the richest heiress in England; secondly, that he would become premier of the British empire, and thirdly, that he would win the Derby in 1894. The latter prediction is the only one of these that still remains unfulfilled, for the reason that the Derby races have not yet come off. Rosebery's family name is Archibald Philip Primrose, and it is a curious, if not significant fact, that Lord Beaconsfield, whose favorite flower was the primrose, assisted at his marriage with Hannah Rothschild, the great heiress, who died a few years ago.

In the late English cabinet Lord Rosebery filled the place of foreign secretary. Rosebery will be under the disadvantage in taking office of being a mere cipher in politics compared with his predecessor, who towered head and shoulders over all the greatest statesmen of this century—Bismarck himself even being included in that category. He is more of an Imperialist than was Gladstone, and it is said that he is engaged to Princess Victoria of Wales—a position which will bring him more and more under the anti-Irish influence of Queen Vic. As a lord himself, he cannot well go in for the abolition of the house of lords; but he is committed to reform it. As he has made as yet no ministerial declaration on the Home Rule question, it is to be hoped that the eighty-one Irish votes in the lower chamber will compel him to make an emphatic endorsement of Mr. Gladstone's policy in that regard. Otherwise the Irish may be betrayed again as they were once before by the Brass Band of odious memory.

Already the Unionist ghouls are after the new premier. They are dying to get back again into the old party. They will probably attempt to compromise with Rosebery by offering to vote for a bill for the creation of three legislative chambers in Ireland, leaving the district north of the Boyne under the imperial jurisdiction. If such a plot is successful, the Irish party should at once abandon Rosebery to his fate. Such an abomination of parliaments would be absurd. The Irish want one parliament whose jurisdiction will extend as predominantly in Belfast as it will in Cork. Three petty legislatures would be only mere vestries where drainage and sewerage bills would be the only ones that would be allowed to be discussed. Rosebery has got to be watched by an Irish vigilance committee, or else he will plunge Ireland into the most deplorable crisis of her modern history.

OUR NAVY AND COAST DEFENSES.

Secretary Herbert of the navy is not in sympathy with the great aspirations which many Americans have of our warships. Instead of increasing them to a score or so he has started a silly project for the stimulation of promotion by allowing officers who had a war record to retire on pensions more than equivalent to their present salaries. This would, of course, start a general advancement along the lines, but would add not a cruiser to our navy. Secretary Herbert may be a very good and clever man in his way, but he is like a duck out of water in all matters concerning our navy. It takes a tar to deal properly with ships that sail the seas; but a land lubber of the Herbert kidney the marine boys have no use for. He does not rise to the level of the occasion. The United States wants to protect her coasts against any foreign invasion with as powerful a fleet as any of the great naval powers of Europe. That at least should be the minimum of her ambition. The maximum ought to be, to be equipped with a navy that could outnumber the combined navies of the Old World, and thus defy them all.

Another matter of the greatest importance just now is the comparatively defenseless condition of our coasts. In answer to a question put him by a correspondent as to whether Admiral Mello, the Brazilian insurgent, angered possibly by Admiral Benham's action, would sail North against us, is there no port on the coast that could resist him? Gen. Miles made the following sensible remarks, which should be well weighed, and pondered on by the public opinion of this country:

"There is not a harbor on our coast in proper condition to resist a hostile modern fleet. There is not a city on the Atlantic coast that could not be placed under tribute. Our Southern forts were dismantled after the war and the Northern coast has not been equipped. These are facts well known. The government has made a beginning and has a few modern guns, but the carriages are not ready for them. A contract has been made for one hundred guns and more mortars to be delivered, but these will go only a little way in protecting over 4,000 miles of the richest coast in the world, especially with our fortifications in the state they are."

Gen. Miles is not only a splendid military commander, as the records of his war career so abundantly prove, but he has also traveled around the coast himself personally, and knows from experience whereof he writes. He is, therefore, an undoubted authority on the question, and no critic has so far been rash enough to contradict his assertions for the simple reason that his allegations cannot be refuted.

It is sad and deplorable that there should be a government in power just now in this country which has no regard for the honor and safety of our flag. Dead alike to every patriotic instinct or sentiment they basely leave our coasts unprotected, thus possibly encouraging the enemies of the Republic to combine their naval forces against her integrity. There is hardly a hope that any serious attempt will be made to build fortresses around our shores till a patriotic president becomes the occupant of the White House of Washington.

AN IRISH VIRGINIAN.

The late Gen. Jubal A. Early, who lost his life by an accident a week or two ago, was a typical Southerner with a strong dash of Irish blood in his veins. His Virginian birth and Irish blood—both his parents were natives of Donegal—resulted in producing a most inflammable hero—a bluff, uncompromising type whose manners were ruled by his various and changing moods. His loves and hates were equally intense. His friends he always treated with a knightly courtesy peculiar to the sons of the sunny South; but he always told his foes of the large measure of contempt in which he held them. He was the soul of candor in all things. Unlike Talleyrand's, his language was the reflex of his inmost thoughts. He could not lie—even if he tried. Of course these characteristics, estimable in their way, led him into several quarrels of a more or less serious character. He spoke the truth about himself, and about every other man who asked him for a testimonial, and, of course, the bare naked truth is repulsive to the average run of humanity. It is only a stoic philosopher that can stand being called a "ninny" to his face.

Gen. Early was a inveterate bachelor. Southern mammas, with a lot of marriageable daughters on their hands, besieged him wherever he went in society, exhibiting their fair merchandise, but he never appeared to "catch on" to their intentions, and they eventually grew tired of plying him with any further intrigues. On one occasion a journalistic wag in a Virginia newspaper referred to the General's wife as "a charming brunette with a peach-like skin and a perfect figure." The General wrote the following denial to the Richmond *State*: "To prevent all misconception, especially on the part of my lady friends, I wish to state that my alleged wife is a lady whose acquaintance I have never yet made, and when I do find her she will not make herself known through the newspapers."

General Early, like other eminent men of his race, John Mitchel, Father Ryan, and Gen. Tom Bourke, was unfortunately on the Southern side during the recent Civil war; but THE CITIZEN will do Early's memory the justice of stating in his favor that he was strongly opposed to secession in 1860, and was very indignant at the thirst of South Carolina for Northern blood. Like many others he was subsequently swept on with the popular tide, and had to join the Confederates, of whom he was one of the major generals. *Kate Field's Washington* has the following spicy anecdote about him:

"After the war began, he had in his brigade a South Carolina regiment, and it was noticed that he always put it in the most ticklish places under fire. During one of the battles before Richmond his brigade was ordered to the front, and he made the South Carolina fellows head the column, shouting at the top of his voice as they passed him, 'Yes, I'll send you to the front, and I'll keep you there, too! You got us into this fix, and, damn you, now you've got to get us out of it!'"

He was a voluntary exile for years after the war. "I utterly disclaim," he once wrote, "all allegiance to the government of the United States. I am not willing to submit to the foreign yoke imposed on the South." In an address delivered at Baltimore, Md., he said: "If I ever disown, repudiate, or apologize for the cause for which Lee fought and Jackson died, let the lightnings of heaven blast me, and the scorn of all good men and true women be my portion."

He died loyal to his vow—this honest and enthusiastic fanatic. Peace to his ashes, and more rational views to those he left behind.

MR. DORAN'S SPEECH AT AN AMNESTY MEETING.

It is quite refreshing in these degenerate days to be informed of the fact that there are still some survivors left in Ireland of the brave old guard. THE CITIZEN imagined that it was as dead as Napoleon's; but from recent Irish newspapers we found luckily that we were mistaken. As long as Charles G. Doran, of the cove of Cork, is alive and kicking, so long, at least, is the old guard alive in his personality. He has been true to the ideal of Irish nationality—the principle of Irish republicanism from '48 down to the present moment. Throughout all the shifting scenes and contradictions of the past forty-six years in the arena of Irish politics he has been consistent throughout—an advanced Nationalist in the days of the farcical Tenant Right movement, a Phœnix man and a Fenian from 1857 on to 1867—a Fenian still in the days of the Home Rule, Land, National, and Federation Leagues that have followed each other in such rapid succession in Ireland of recent years. Most of the Fenian chiefs swerved from their allegiance to the Irish Republic to which they so solemnly swore, and perjured themselves in a most scandalous fashion in the English parliament by taking an oath of allegiance to her most gracious majesty the little old lady of Windsor, under whose ill-omened and ghoulish reign occurred an artificial famine that slaughtered a million of their race, to be followed by the expatriation of a million a decade for many years afterward till Ireland today is outnumbered by the English capital in population.

"Slaves and traitors stand aside" was the motto of Gavan Duffy in the palmy days of the Young Ireland Party. How he kept that motto in after years our readers are sufficiently well aware. Mr. Doran alone of all the rebellious chiefs stood bravely to his guns when patriots became "slaves and traitors!" He alone refused to perjure himself for the sake of having the magical (?) letters of M.P. after his name. The other day at an amnesty meeting at Carrigtwoohil, Cork county, he was the leading speaker. He told his audience that none of their duly elected representatives failed to put in an appearance on the platform on behalf of the release of their suffering fellow-countrymen in English dungeons. He did not come to claim their suffrages, but from the men who had been sent to parliament the people had a right to expect a fulfillment of the promises made by these gentlemen. Mr. Doran said that he never flinched from speaking the truth in the very face of his greatest enemies. The Glenbeigh evictions (with their accompaniments of the crowbar, the paraffin oil can and the lucifer match) were carried out under the rule of Salisbury and Balfour; and in the county Roscommon recently the same thing had been carried out under the auspices of Gladstone and Morley! Mr. Doran continued his slashing remarks as follows:

"But the press and the platform and the pulpit that denounced the former were as silent as the grave regarding the latter. The same remark applied to jury-packing, and last week they had a public meeting near Lismore suppressed under Gladstone and Morley's rule. He would like to know where there was any difference between the rule of the two English parties as regarded Ireland. He could see none. The shooting down of the poor Matabeles by 'Cromwell' Rhodes and his troops had not been denounced by a single Irish member, and he believed that the ten thousand pounds bribe given some time ago by Cecil Rhodes was the cause of the silence of the Irish members. (Shame.) Gladstone admitted that it was the intensity of Fenianism that caused the disestablishment of the Church act and the Land act of '70 to be passed. (Cheers from the Fenians.) What was it that caused the make-believe of a Home Rule bill to be brought in. (A voice—Oh, to h—l with it.)

"Mr. Doran said that if the government were serious on the question they would have passed the Home Rule bill through the house of lords as well as through the commons by the same method as had been adopted in 1812 and 1832—namely, the creation of a sufficient number of peers to carry the bill (cheers)—but Gladstone had not the courage to take that step. If he wanted to give Ireland Home Rule he lost his chance by not adopting that course, and the black plumes would wave from Hawarden Castle before the Irish people saw a Home Rule bill carried. (Hear, hear.) In future, whenever a vacancy occurred in an Irish constituency, they would do as they did in Tipperary in '69—they would run a political prisoner for the seat, and give the gentlemen at home an opportunity of taking their hands out of their pockets and have a fight for it (hear, hear); and he would like to see John Dillon, or Wm. O'Brien, or James O'Connor, or J. F. X. O'Brien, or Mr. Sexton, or Mr. Sheehy (who were supporters of John Mitchel in '69) oppose John Daly as a candidate for any vacancy."

Such was the noble utterance of a truthful man who is not afraid of confessing the faith that is in him. THE CITIZEN endorses every syllable of Mr. Doran's magnificent pronouncement.

THE long trial of Daniel Coughlin, for the alleged murder of Dr. Cronin, resulted in the acquittal of the accused. The last trial, like the first, was remarkable for the personal bitterness of the prosecution, and for the great ability displayed by the defense. While talent cannot be denied the prosecuting attorneys, their efforts pale almost to insignificance before the force and eloquence of Attorneys Wing and Donahoe, who conducted the case for Coughlin in a manner that has established their reputation as first among criminal lawyers. Daniel Coughlin is now, with his wife and children, visiting his father and other near relatives at Hancock, Mich. Within a few months, the liberated man will take up his residence again in this city. He has suffered much mentally and physically during his long incarceration.

THE resignation of Lord Coleridge, who is too much occupied with satisfying the caprices of his pretty young wife, to attend to his judicial duties, will cause a vacancy in the lord chief justiceship of England. It is believed that he will be succeeded by Sir Charles Russell. The latter might have been lord chancellor were it not that the penal laws, still rampant in England, debar a Catholic from that important post. And still Britain boasts of being a land of religious toleration! What a blasphemy!

MR. WILSON, the author of the Wilson bill, was near dying after he had delivered himself of that prodigy. No wonder that it should have been too hard on his digestion.

AN Italian newspaper gives an original letter from the pen of Bonaparte to Talma, the celebrated actor, written a few years before the former became famous. "I have fought," he writes, "for the Republic, and now she rewards me by letting me starve. I am at the end of my resources. That wretched Aubrey leaves me in the streets, when he could very well do something for me. I feel capable of accomplishing more than Generals Santerre and Rossignol. Meanwhile, I have arrived at my last sou. Can you favor me with a few crowns? How fortunate the heroes of Ariosto were. They did not depend on a minister of war!" That penniless young officer was in a few years after master of Europe! He was not ungrateful to Talma, whom he rewarded with a handsome fortune.

CONGRESSMAN O'NEIL from Massachusetts had better look out. The pensioners are after his scalp.

SIR CHARLES RUSSELL will, it is expected, be chairman of the Royal Commission on the Financial Relations of Great Britain and Ireland, which will be in the course of formation in a month or two. The commission was agreed to be formed at the instance of John E. Redmond. It is understood that Ireland is paying much more than her lawful due to the imperial exchequer in view of her decreasing population. True enough, she had at the time of the Union a population as numerous as the present one, but since 1846 she has been cut down to half in the number of her inhabitants, while the English people have been growing four-fold of what they were at the time of the Union. This injustice should be immediately rectified, but it is useless to expect a royal commission to hatch its egg until a generation is over, and all its original members have become defunct.

THE *Rosary* for March contains a good deal of first-class prose and poetry from such well known writers as Miss Eliza Allen Starr, who writes entertainingly of the Rosary in Art; Dr. Egan, of Notre Dame University, a short Franco-Irish tale of the Revolutionary period in France entitled "The Heart of Clothilde," and poems by George Parsons Lathrop and Eugene Davis. Under the new administration of that distinguished Dominican writer, Rev. Father O'Neill, who was its original founder, the *Rosary* bids fair to become one of our leading Catholic magazines. It is published in New York city.

NOW THAT the greater New York is, perhaps, about to become an accomplished fact, what's the matter with greater Chicago? We ought to annex a still wider extent of territory till we can boast of being at least New York's rival in population. In another generation or so Chicago will be the metropolis of the United States.

BEFORE the Wyoming legislature adjourned it passed a resolution which declared that woman suffrage has banished crime, pauperism and vice from the State, and brought about a new era of good government. Now for the millenium!

AS A specimen of the atrocious arguments by which the Tories seek to bolster up their hatred of Ireland, we may quote the following spicy paragraph: "Against a Sir Robert Peel, or a Wellington, or a Disraeli Mr. Parnell would not have dared to organize a system of sporadic slaughter!" The *Times* had to pay Parnell the sum of $25,000 for the privilege of asserting that he was the organizer of crime and outrage. But Mr. Parnell was alive then. Now that he is dead they spew their venom on his grave in imitation of Rufus Dennehy, the ghoulish editor of the *Orange Catholic*.

STEAD has translated his apostolic body to Washington, where he is to pry into corrupt politics in the capital. THE CITIZEN expects that he will excoriate that Simon Pure Josiah Quincy, the immaculate Democrat from Boston who has soiled his fingers in a shady financial stew lately. Josiah ought to look out for Stead's ferocious flail.

MAYOR HOPKINS is making a rapid and radical sweep of officialdom in the municipal employment. Thousands of heads are being spiked. He will have a host of disgruntled and out-at-elbow politicians to fix him when he presents himself for re-election.

IN the new Irish Library will shortly appear a story by Miss E. M. Lynch author of "The Boy God." It is anticipated that her new tale will be a romance of rebel days. Another volume will deal with the addresses of Gavan Duffy, Dr. George Sigerson, and Dr. Douglas Hyde, collected under the title "The Revival of Irish Literature." Duffy's two addresses, "What Irishmen Might Do for Irish Literature," and "Books for Irish People," were delivered before the Irish Literary Society. Dr. Sigerson deals with "Irish Literature: Its Origin and Environment," and Dr. Hyde discusses the necessity for the de-anglicizing of Ireland.

NEVER before in the parliamentary history of England have the lords eat the leek pushed down their throats by the commons, over their amendments to the Parish Councils bill. They have received a spanking the effect of which will make them more pliant for the future to the adoption of English Radical measures.

THE home of Mr. William O'Connell, No. 405 West Taylor street, was, on the 8th inst., made glad by the addition to the family of a fine little daughter, whose advent was hailed by the many friends of the parents with the usual congratulations and good wishes. Kindest salutations and welcome to the little stranger.

GENERAL EARLY, who recently died in Richmond, once took pains to trace his ancestry back to the old country, where he found that the family were originally MacGuickie, which means "early risers." "I presume," said the soldier, "that it was given to our people from the fact that they were the first to rise in any of the outbreaks which were so frequent in the days of persecution!" The Earlys lived in Donegal, and live there to this day.

THE Hon. Patrick A. Collins, United States consul general to London, has become a member of that city's Irish Literary Society.

MR. DOUGLAS GOODWILLIE, a distinguished citizen of Chicago, and long connected with the lumber firm of that name, died recently in this city, after a brief illness. Mr. Charles E. McDonald, brother of the Rev. Stuart McDonald, a young man of great promise, also passed away prematurely. The deaths of both gentlemen are greatly regretted in this community.

A GRAND OVATION.

Enthusiastic Celebration of Emmet's Anniversary in Buffalo, N.Y., on March 4.

A Magnificent Audience Listens to Oratory and Song in Honor of Ireland's Martyred Hero.

[*From the Catholic Union and Times.*]

The Academy of Music was crowded Sunday evening, March 4, by an enthusiastic audience of Irish people assembled there to do honor to the memory of the brave Robert Emmet, on the anniversary of his birthday, to listen to a eulogy of the great patriot pronounced by the Rev. Patrick Cronin, to learn something of Ireland's history from the eloquent lips of John F. Finerty and to be thrilled by the sweetness and pathos of Irish melodies sung by Miss Alice Powers and Mr. M. J. Murphy. The celebration of Emmet's anniversary was under the auspices of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, and the programme arranged was such as to appeal strongly to the feelings of Irishmen and to arouse also the patriotism latent in them as sons of the Emerald Isle. The presence of the vast and sympathetic audience must have inspired the speakers to put forth their best efforts, and the frequent and hearty bursts of applause must have convinced them how keenly their efforts were appreciated.

The entertainment was opened with a potpourri of American and Irish airs played by the orchestra so well that it was a fitting keynote to the programme that followed. After brief and appropriate introductory remarks by Mr. John A. Murphy, county delegate of the A.O.H. of Erie county, Moore's charming ballad, "Oh, Breathe Not His Name," was sung by Mr. M. J. Murphy. Hardly had the strains died away when Father Cronin appeared and was greeted by a storm of applause. As soon as quiet could be restored, Father Cronin addressed the audience and spoke substantially as follows:

"Ladies and Gentlemen:—When I gaze into the countless eyes and faces that flash and glow here this evening, I am reminded of a November night fourteen years ago, when I had the pleasure of speaking in this same Academy of Music. Parnell was with us then, and we had $6,000 to hand him for Ireland's cause. Then, as now, the atmosphere of this hall had the breath of shamrocks and springtime about it. Parnell is gone and Gladstone—the greatest English friend that Ireland ever had—is, even now, vanishing from the scene. But the cause for which Emmet's blood sanctified the scaffold still lives. It survives every vicissitude. It is as imperishable as the everlasting mountains that look down on Erin's surrounding sea.

"I cannot but feel that even the few words which I have been induced to speak here this evening are an intrusion upon the feast of oratory and song which you are soon to enjoy. As for the immortal hero to whose memory this storied Fourth of March is consecrated, he needs no eulogy. His fame is fadeless as the stars. The Genius of Liberty has given his martyr name upon the golden tablets of immortality. The story of his noble sacrifice hath been wafted over all the seas; and while the God of Freedom inspires the human heart with love of country and consecrates the patriot's sword, the name of Robert Emmet cannot perish.

"Born to rank and fortune, the world beckoned him to bowers of pleasure and sought to beguile his heart with her syren song. And ambition pointed to the delectable mountains of fame where it weaves dewy garlands for the brow. But he spurned all for Ireland; and when life was young, and fair, and sweet, nobly gave it for her redemption.

"In the dark, desolate days in which Emmet lived the emerald hue of his island home had grown red with the blood of her children. Ireland's laugh had become a moan; and the bleak winds that blew through many a roofless home was as the Banshee's wail for the plundered and slaughtered people. He saw the desolation that, like a pall, had settled upon the land, and he determined to draw the sword, to rive the fetters of the enslaver, to trample in the dust the banner of oppression, and fling to the breeze the sunburst of Ireland's ancient glories. Alas!—and yet alas, that the golden cup of his hopes should have been dashed, Tantalus-like, from his lips!

"I know that to the selfish, the sordid and the cold Emmet's career is regarded as a failure. But it is such failures that have ever ennobled human life and glorified the world. So young, so pure, so generous and so brave he leads the martyr hosts of the world in the cause of human liberty. Since that bleak and bitter September day—more than ninety years ago—when the dogs of Thomas street, Dublin, lapped his blood as it flowed from the gibbet, a solemn vow has gone up from the heart of the Gael that they never—no, never—will give up the cause for which Emmet died, until they lift up the green and tear down the red. From his cold and bloody grave the angel of Ireland's resurrection has gone forth in shining raiment and proclaims to the world that the Motherland of Robert Emmet shall yet be free."

The eloquent eulogy provoked prolonged applause, which was only silenced by the orchestra beginning a selection, at the close of which Miss Alice Powers sang Moore's pathetic lament, "She is Far From the Land Where Her Young Hero Sleeps." Miss Powers' voice is very sweet, and she imbued the song with such feeling that the audience was visibly affected and insisted on her reappearance.

The second part of the programme was an entertaining melange of Irish history and Irish songs, and introduced the Hon. John F. Finerty and Mr. M. J. Murphy.

In his introduction, Mr. Finerty said that this course of lectures, to be given by him and Mr. Murphy, was a new departure in the line of entertainments, and was designed to illustrate different periods of Irish history, with the aid of Irish minstrelsy. He then proceeded to his subject and told his audience how Ireland was subjugated by Strongbow and his associates in 1169-72, and the struggles following the invasion of Henry II of England. Mr. Finerty is thoroughly conversant with Irish history, and from the outset it was evident that whatever he might have to say would be intensely interesting to all Irishmen and to all who enjoy historical study. Between vocal selections by Mr. Murphy he graphically portrayed the stirring scenes in the periods of Art MacNurrough and Richard II, 1385-1400; of Hugh O'Neil and Elizabeth, 1595-1600; of Owen Roe and Cromwell, 1641-49; of James II., 1688-91, and of the momentous period of 1798-1894.

Mr. Finerty said that he did not believe it was in the power of England to make laws that would satisfy Ireland, because it was not in the power of Ireland to make laws to satisfy England. There was never a power on earth could govern a nation well, outside of that nation. Home Rule, he said, meant a little cheese to keep Irish people from starving so that Englishmen would not have to bury them. It had been said that the sun follows the drumbeats of the English around the world. Mr. Finerty believed it was George Francis Train who said the sun did this because it would never do to leave an Englishman in the dark. The speaker said he had no reliance on the Liberal party in England. England would never give Ireland her rights till England was beaten to her knees. Russia and France could do this, and the speaker could almost hear the shouts of laughter and joy from the Irish people at sight of the red breeches of the French on the cliffs of Cork. England must fight to maintain her rights in India, and then Ireland will have another inning.

The power of Irish minstrels to reflect the spirit of their troublous times of their country was happily illustrated by Mr. Murphy, who sang with good voice, and all the variety of feeling called for, Moore's "The Valley Lay Smiling Before Me," and "Oh, Where Is the Slave So Lowly," Barry's "The Sword," Graves' "Lament for Owen Roe," Davis' "Clare's Dragoons" and Ingram's "Who Fears to Speak of '98?" winding up in response to an encore with "The Wearing of the Green."

Mr. Finerty's stirring recitals were vigorously applauded, and his vivid word-pictures of the action of the Irish brigade at the battle of Fontenoy aroused a veritable tumult. As lecturer and singer Messrs. Finerty and Murphy are happily mated, and give an original and pleasing entertainment.

The celebration concluded with "The Star Spangled Banner," by the orchestra.

SGEULTA FIANNAIGHEACHTA.

Eachtradh Lomnochtainn Sleibhe Riffi, Ann so sios, mar leanas.

[AIR LEANAMHAIN.]

An tan do shilcadar lomad curradh no caithmhileadh do theacht aiste, ni fheacadar ag teacht aiste acht an t-aon óglaoch ba mhó uamhan agus úrghráin d'fhearaibh no de mhnáibh na cruinne go cóimhiomláin. Oir is amhlaidh bhi an t-óglaoch sin, nior bha áirde seolchrann loinge ná an chos-chaol, chruaidh-cuislionnach dá raibh faoi; agus nior chaoile agus chruaidhe dá lorgain chairfhiadh ná an dá chois sin, agus is lougnadh gur bh'fhéidir leo corp an óglaoigh d'iomchar, air a g-caoile agus air a n-aubhfainne, agus nior leithne beul mórbháid no beul loinge ná an dá throigh leacna lúbladhrach do bhi air an lorgain sin an óglaoigh, agus nior mhó maoileann no meallchnoc no an ceann cnámhach, cluaslom do bhi air, agus nior chaoile muineul coirr cian-aosca no an muineul do bhi ag iomchair an trom-chinn sin, agus ionair ann, amhuil anthne uime. Agus tig amach as an loing fá n-a d-tuairim; agus cidh geárr uatha é, is fada do bhi ag teacht dá n-ionsughadh tre troime a chinn agus tre anbhfainne a chos.

Acht cheana, air teacht do'n láthair dhó, beannuigheas do Gholl agus do Osgur agus do chách mar an g-céadna. Freagras Goll an beannacht, agus is é dúbhairt:

"Cé thá féin d'fholaibh uaisle no anuaisle an domhain, no créad an ainm atá ort, no fáth do thuiris do'n talamh so, óir is uamhan an aithine linn do dhellbh agus do dheanamh agus ni minic do chonnaireamar tionól no teagasg air aon neach, ag teacht go soiche sin, a g-céin?"

"Ni air olc leatsa tháinig mé do'n chrich seo, a Righmhileadh," ar an t-óglaoch, "acht air mhatha leatsa agus le Fiannaibh Eireann do thangas ann, óir is é fáth mo thurais do'n talamh so, dá nochtadh dhuitse ná full air dhruim domhain drong is annsa liom ná Fianna Eireann, agus go h-áirighthe thusa, agus clann d'athar. De bhrigh go raibh me bliadhain agus tri fithchid ag iomchar sgeithe agus cloidhimh dod' sheanathair, agus a chómh-fadh eile sin do d'athair, agus go bh-fuaireas ór agus ionmhús, maith agus maoine, agus mór shaidhbhreas uatha, agus go bh-fuillim fann agus mo bhean cheile i n-deire ár n-aoise, agus na full mac ná ingean aguinn achd aon ingean amháin, agus go bh-full an ingeán sin féin air mhnáibh áille an domhain go h-uile. Agus gurab é is mian liom sibhse do dhul do'n árus cómhnuighthe 'nna m-bidhim, óir ni cianas so é, agus gach ór agus ionmhús dá bh-full ann do thabhairt dibh, mar aon lem' ingean, agus fear and[illegible]g shála d'fhághail di a bh-Fianaibh Eirionn, agus crobh agus maoine do thabhairt leithe. Do bhrigh gur féidir lidh a sáith do thabhairt disi, agus bhur leórdhóthain do bheith agaibh féin dá éis. Agus ni bh-full righ ná prionnsa 'san g-cruinne ná full a dhiol saidhbhris agus ionmhús agam-sa, agus fós, an dán 'nna m-bidhim, go bh-full sé air dhánta áille an domhain. Agus an t-oileán, mar a bh-full sé, ni bh-full triath no tighearna air achd mise amháin, mo' bhean agus m'ingean. Agus is amhluidh thárlaidh dom an t-oileán sin d'fhághail; an tan sin, do bhi d'athair-se agus drong d'Fhiannaibh Eirionn maille leis ag gabháil ceannuis an domhain, agus ag tabhairt na cruinne ceathardha fa smachd agus fá árd-chios bh-fear n-Eirionn.

[LE BHEITH LEANTA.]

Sermon In Irish.

On St. Patrick's Day, at the solemn mass in St. Thomas' church, at 10:30 o'clock, there will be a sermon given in the Irish language. Rev. John Carroll has been again and again requested by those interested in the preservation of the tongue to do so, and he deems St. Patrick's Day the most appropriate occasion for acceding to the request. It will be the first Gaelic sermon delivered in the great West, at least in Chicago. THE CITIZEN would like to see all Gaelic-speaking people, and especially members of the Gaelic class, present on the occasion.

Entertainment and Ball.

Division No. 5 of the A. O. H. will give their first annual entertainment and dance at Apollo Hall, Blue Island avenue and Twelfth street, Saturday evening, March 31. Tickets admitting lady and gentleman 50 cents.

FOR THE CITIZEN.

DONAL'S COTHAMORE.

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

Not for the linen, rich and fine,
That dainty damsels wear;
Not for the skin of whitest kine,
Not for the purple fine
That kings, we're told, their limbs array
With diamonds gleaming o'er,
Would I exchange, if asked today,
My Irish cothamore!

'Tis one inch thick, and, oh, so warm!
Swathed within each fold
Of its snug cloth, I dare the storm,
And laugh at frost and cold;
It brings the balm of summers bright,
Of sunshines passed and o'er—
I am so comforted tonight—
Wrapped in my cothamore!

The togas sure of Pagan Rome
Were not as warm as frieze
Wove by our spindles here at home
By maids with coaxing eyes.
The mantilla might suit a few,
But, oh, it nevermore
Can hold a farthing candle to
My Irish cotamore.

There is no coat like it, my soul!—
From Beersheba to Dan;
No coat like it from pole to pole
Since Time itself began;
The storms of age it dares to brook,
It lasts of years two score
Faith! I'll be old ere it will look
A seedy cothamore!

I prize it for the girl I love,
For when these chilly eves
She lays her stately head above
Its bounding breast, she heaves
The most delighted cries and sighs,
And hugs it o'er and o'er—
She loves—the minx—this glorious frieze—
'This Donal's cothamore!

ST. PATRICK'S DAY PARADE.

Place of Rendezvous—Formation of Column—Line of March.

The order of the parade on St. Patrick's Day will be as follows:

The aides and division marshals will report to the grand marshal at 2 o'clock sharp.

Aides to grand marshal will wear regulation chapeau with white and green feathers, gauntlet gloves, and tri-color sash.

Division and assistant marshals will wear the uniform or regalia of the society to which they belong, with sash.

The formation of the column will be as follows:

Platoon of Police.
Grand Marshal John T. Keating, with aides.
Knights of St. Patrick.

FIRST DIVISION.
Lawrence Henely, Division Marshal.
Seventh Regiment, I.N.G.
Father Matthew Cadets.
Holy Name Cadets.
Holy Rosary Cadets.

SECOND DIVISION.
Capt. J. P. Coan, Division Marshal.
Father Mathew Temperance Society.
St. Pius Temperance Society.
Other Parochial Societies and Sodalities.

THIRD DIVISION.
P. B. Flanagan, Division Marshal.
Divisions No. 1 to 37, Ancient Order of Hibernians.

FOURTH DIVISION.
T. O'Neill Jones, Division Marshal.
Patriotic Sons of Father Mathew.
Gaelic Athletic Association—Ten Clubs.

FIFTH DIVISION.
Mr. McInerney, Division Marshal.
Companies A, B, C, and D, Cian-na-Gael Guards.
Citizens on Foot.
Citizens in Carriages.

The societies and others taking part in the parade will rendezvous in the following places:

First Division—Right resting southwest corner Randolph and Desplaines streets, facing east.

Second Division—On east side of Union street, right resting southeast corner of Randolph and Union streets, facing north.

Third Division—On south side of Randolph street, right resting on Union street, facing east.

Fourth Division—North side of Randolph street, right resting on Halsted street, facing west.

Fifth Division—North side of Randolph street, right resting on Union street, facing west.

All companies for the fifth division will form on Union street, north of Randolph street, right resting on Randolph.

No carriages will be allowed in divisions other than the fifth, except those containing officers of societies and clergymen.

At 2:30 o'clock sharp the parade will move over the following line of march: South on Desplaines street to Jackson; east on Jackson street to Michigan avenue; south on Michigan avenue to Twelfth street; countermarch north to Van Buren street; west on Van Buren to Clark street; north on Clark to Lake street; west on Lake to Market street, and there disperse.

SEVENTH REGIMENT NOTES.

By kind permission of Father Murphy the military high mass this (Saturday) morning will be celebrated in St. Mary's church; Father Kelley, of St. Cecelia's church, chaplain of the regiment, as celebrant. Father O'Connor will preach a sermon befitting the occasion. St. Mary's church will have the unique distinction of having the first military mass in Chicago, since the war, celebrated within its walls.

The following reductions and promotions have been made in the regiment for the good of the service. Reduced to the ranks: Company A., Sergeant J. F. Sweeney, at his own request; Company B., Sergeant J. Sutherland, for neglect of duty; Company C., Corporal Thomas Corrigan, for neglect of duty; Corporal P. Brenan, for insubordination.

Promotions: Company E., Corporal Edward M. O'Reilly, to be sergeant vice Duhig, commissioned; Corporal Patrick Feehan, to be sergeant, vice Sutherland, reduced; Private J. Kerwin, to be corporal, vice O'Reilly, promoted; Private E. Tobin, to be corporal, vice Feehan, promoted. Company C., Private Dominick Croddick, to be corporal, vice Brenan, reduced.

LOCAL CATHOLIC NEWS.

There were 5,800 communions during the mission last week in the Sacred Heart church.

The Rev. Father Whelan, of All Saints' church, will preach at high mass in the Sacred Heart church, on St. Patrick's Day.

There will be a solemn high mass in the Holy Family (Jesuit) church today (St. Patrick's Day), at 10:30 o'clock, with a sermon by the Rev. Father Dowling.

The mission given to men in the Holy Family church last week closed Sunday night with solemn services and a sermon by the Rev. Father Rosswinkle, S. J.

The choir of St. Peter's Church has been largely re-enforced with some excellent voices and will be able to present a fine programme of music on Easter Sunday.

The Rev. H. J. Votel, S.J., late president of St. Mary's College, Kansas, died last week at Florissant, Mo. His successor is Rev. E. A. Higgins, formerly rector of St. Ignatius College in this city.

There will be a solemn high mass in St. Patrick's church St. Patrick's Day, at 10:30 o'clock. A special musical programme will be given by the regular choir, assisted by an orchestra.

A solemn tridium will take place in the Sacred Heart church during Easter week, in observance of the beatification of three illustrious Jesuits. The Archbishop and a number of the clergy will participate in the ceremonies.

The choir of St. Malachi's church, on Western avenue, is preparing for a fine programme on Easter Sunday. It will include Cherubini's Coronation mass, with orchestra. Mrs. G. Katzenberger will take the leading soprano parts.

The mission in the Church of Notre Dame closed Sunday evening with solemn vespers, beginning at 7:30 o'clock. A fine musical programme was given by the splendid choir of the church, assisted by the orchestra, closing with the papal benediction.

TWADDLE ABOUT ANGLO-SAXONS.

In the course of a post-prandial effort at Santa Monica, Cal., the other evening, ex-Gov. Beveridge, of Illinois, made some comparisons between the achievements of the Anglo-Saxon and the Latin races which were not at all flattering to the latter. Whereupon the Los Angeles *Herald* remarks that probably if he had to do it over again this distinguished Illinoisan would omit from a purely social occasion reflections that were calculated to wound the susceptibilities of a large portion of the people of California.

Perhaps nothing is more interesting than the rise, decline and fall of nations. The fascinating pages of Gibbon tell of the fortunes and vicissitudes of one race, confessedly and away ahead, the greatest of all times, and distinctively a Latin nation. The Romans loom so far above any modern nation in the universality of their undisputed dominion that, to employ a sporting phrase "Eclipse is first and the rest nowhere." When Rome went through the inevitable process of decay her place was taken by France. The force and significance of this branch of the Latin race is best emphasized by the fact that, during a thousand years, France was sitting on the rest of Europe about five-sixths of the time. During the meteoric career of the first Napoleon his marshals occupied every capital of Europe, and all at one time. Fortunately for the right little, tight little isle, the stormy channel separated France from England, or London would have been on the list of the occupied cities. There was a time when the Spanish infantry was the most famous in the world, and it was Spanish and French valor—the legions of Charles Martel and Ferdinand and Isabella—that prevented Europe from being overrun by the unutterable Turk centuries before the naval battle of Lepanto and the victory of John Sobieski under the walls of Vienna saved christendom a second time.

Any one who is the possessor of Spanish blood is quite excusable for being proud of the fact. The record of that chivalrous nation is resplendent with heroic deeds. Its career of adventure in the new world reads like a romance cadenced in epic measure. Long before the Mayflower landed at Plymouth Rock the Spanish conquistadores had penetrated inland as far as Salt Lake. The writer was so fortunate as to inspect an old Spanish map and history published in 1565 in company with Capt. Wiltse, a celebrated savant attached to the United States army. On this map the great Salt Lake was laid down with absolute geographical accuracy, so Capt. Wiltse, who was acquainted with every minutiæ of the topography of the country, affirmed. Long before the timorous puritan settlers on the shores of New England had dared to venture a dozen miles inland from the Massachusetts coast, the race which ex-Gov. Beveridge undertakes to disprize had penetrated to the centre of the continent from both sides, had stood on the highest peaks of the Andes and Cordilleras, and was lord of all it surveyed from the centre all around to both oceans. Anglo-Saxon enterprise cut no figure whatsoever in the early settlement of the interior, and the Pacific coast side of the American continent. What the Spaniards did for the Pacific coast, for portions of the Atlantic coast and for Mexico, Central and South America, another Latin race, the French, did for Canada, for the great lakes and for the country clear to the Rocky Mountains. The Anglo-Saxon settler chiefly distinguished himself by being afraid to stir away from the rim of the ocean, and by bragging most unceasingly of the little of which he could rightfully claim in the conquest and civilization of the American continent.

Fortunately for the future of the United States this is a cosmopolitan nation. The claim that we are Anglo-Saxon is even more unfounded than the claim that the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland itself is Anglo-Saxon. It is largely Celtic, and no amount of twaddle can change the fact that the Normans revolutionized that island. The Anglo-Saxon blood in the United States is really only an inconsiderable fraction of those of the races that enter into the great republic. It is far exceeded by the Celtic blood that ramifies from Maine to the gulf and from the Atlantic to the Pacific ocean.

Good wine is said to need no bush. This eternal prating about the achievements of the Anglo-Saxon—a misnomer when applied even to the English people—would be more honored in the breach than in the observance. American people will have occasion to rejoice at all the noble and chivalrous bloods that will enter into the composition of the mightiest nation, since Rome, that ever occupied the footstool. Not the least valuable of the constituents of the great modern republic will be the descendants of the proud, brave and chivalrous race who gave Columbus the caravels that enabled him to discover the new world. They will help to impregnate our shop-keeping, mechanic spirit with sentiment and imagination—elements that are too often lacking in the prosaic temperament of the ingenious people ycleped Anglo-Saxon who invented wooden nutmegs.

It is high time that this twaddle about the Anglo-Saxon race should fall into a most desirable desuetude.

THE IRISH YANKEE GIRL.

BY WILLIAM J. DAWSON.

In every land, on every shore,
Where music's sweetest strain is known,
The winged winds have wafted o'er
From Erin's isle, love's sweetest tone;
And purer than her murmuring rills
That, ever singing, seek the sea,
Those love songs sung on Irish hills
On memory's stream flow back to me.

Thus Nora Creina's eyes of blue,
And Kathleen's bosom, snowy fair,
Recall the modest violet's hue,
The hawthorn's bloom in summer air;
And Eileen's tresses, flowing free,
Like ripened grain in waves of gold,
And Maureen's lips that redder be
Than berries holly leaves enfold.

But fairer far than each colleen
By Irish minstrels proudly sung,
Is she, the fairest flower that's seen,
From freedom's soil in beauty sprung
The Irish-Yankee girl that blooms,
Like Eve, on man's delighted eye,
Her vivid grace the world illumes
And even woos the bending sky.

There's one I know who is for me
The fairest type of grace and good
That walks the land of liberty,
This land of noble womanhood;
With every grace transplanted warm
From distant Erin's kindly soil,
She blooms in beauty's loveliest form
'Neath Yankee skies, sweet Fanny Doyle.

An Indian Boy's Training.

The training of the Sioux boy begins when he listens to the songs of war, the songs of the chase, and the songs of the "Great Mystery," or Wakantanka; and these are the lullabies which we heard in our infancy. Of course there were some boys who were deprived of the training they needed, even in wild life; but the true and loving parents were as ambitious and hopeful for their children as any civilized and educated parents could be.

Very early the Indian boy assumed the task of preserving and transmitting the legends and stories of his ancestors and his race. Almost every evening a myth, or a legend of some deed done in the past, was narrated by one of the parents or grandparents, and to it the boy listened with parted mouth and shining eyes. On the following evening he was usually required to repeat it. If he was not an apt scholar, he struggled long with his task; but, as a rule, the Indian boy is a good listener and has a good memory, so that the stories were tolerably well mastered. The household became his audience, by whom he was alternately criticized and applauded.

This sort of teaching at once enlightens the boy's mind and stimulates his ambition. His conception of his own future career becomes a vivid and irresistible force. Whatever there is for him to acquire must be acquired; whatever qualifications are necessary to a truly great warrior and hunter, he must seek at any expense of danger and hardship. Such was the feeling of the imaginative and brave young Indian.

It becomes apparent to him early in life that he must accustom himself to rove alone, and not to fear or dislike the impression of solitude, but acquaint himself thoroughly with nature. Much has been said about Indian children's "instincts." To be sure, we inherited some of the characteristics of our ancestors, but the greater part of our faculties we had to acquire by practice. All the stoicism and patience of the Indian are acquired traits. Physical training and dieting were not neglected. I remember I was not allowed to drink beef soup or any warm drink. The soup was for the old men. The general rules for the young were never to eat their food very hot, nor to drink much water.

My uncle, who educated me, was a severe and strict teacher. When I left his teepee for the day, he would say to me: "Hakada, watch everything closely and observe its characteristics"; and at evening, on my return, he used to catechize me for an hour or so. "On which side of the trees is the lighter-colored bark? On which side do they have most regular branches?" It was his custom to let me name all the new birds that I had seen during the day. I would name them according to the color, or habits, or the shape of the bill, or their song, or the appearance and locality of the nest—in fact, anything about the bird which impressed me as characteristic. I made many ridiculous errors, I must admit. He then usually informed me of the correct name. Occasionally I made a hit, and this he would warmly commend.—*Dr. Charles Alexander Eastman, in March St. Nicholas.*

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth,

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy. MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

John Beegan.

The attention of members of the A.O.H. and other societies is called to the regalia house of John Beegan, 228 South Halsted street, where uniforms, banners and designs for all societies can be obtained at the lowest prices.

The Emmet Club Dance.

The Emmet Club of the G. A. A. will give their tenth grand reception at Curran's Hall, No. 350 Blue Island avenue this (Saturday) evening, March 17. Tickets 50 cents each, admitting lady and gentleman.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

COUPON NO. 3.

PANORAMA OF THE WORLD'S FAIR.

IN FOUR PARTS.

Each part containing 55 magnificent Photographic Views of the World's Fair.

Mail or bring one coupon and 10 cents to THE CITIZEN office and Part One, Two or Three will be delivered to you.

See advertisement on Sixth Page.

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This is the Best Folding Bed in the Market. It opens from either side. The front detaches from the bed part. You can make two pieces of furniture of it if necessary. It is worth coming miles to see it operated. The Best and Safest FOLDING BED ever invented.

I keep on hand everything to furnish Cottage or Mansion complete, such as PARLOR STOVES, RANGES, CARPETS of all grades and quality, PARLOR and CHAMBER FURNITURE, BOOK-CASES, SIDEBOARDS, BRIC-A-BRAC goods. Novelties of every description. All goods sold on Easy Payments, or Cash if so desired, with a liberal discount.

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ESTATE OF CATHERINE FLANAGAN, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Catherine Flanagan, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of April, A. D. 1894, being the 16th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, February 16, 1894.

WILLIAM FLANAGAN, Administrator.

David Sullivan, Attorney.

ESTATE OF JEREMIAH N. MULVIHILL, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Jeremiah N. Mulvihill, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of April, A. D. 1894, being the 16th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, February 17, 1894.

MARY MULVIHILL, Administratrix.

David Sullivan, Attorney.

LIMITATION.

For all philosophy may teach,
Only so far can knowledge reach.
All that we know, from breath to breath,
Is Life and its great question—Death.
—Frank D. Sherman in Lippincott's.

PASTE OR DIAMOND?

"Yes, it belonged to poor Turenne," said Wyse as he pulled the ring from his finger and handed it to us for inspection. "He left it to me by his will, and I keep it in memory of one of the best actors and one of the best men I ever knew."

Meanwhile the ring was passing from hand to hand, and the universal verdict was that none of us had ever seen a finer stone.

"Turenne was rather a wealthy man," said one of our little circle, "but I didn't think he could have afforded or would have cared to spend so much money on an ornament as that ring must have cost."

"He wanted it for some special purpose which afterward fell through," rejoined Wyse. "I know all about it, for I bought it for him myself. I had quite a little adventure on the occasion."

"Tell us the story," we cried.

"Well," said Wyse, taking a pull at his cigar and settling himself back in his chair, "it is a good many years ago now. I was playing high comedy characters at the old Princess, and as I had been working very hard I set off for the south of France as soon as the season closed. It happened that Turenne, who had proved himself a true friend to me, wanted a good diamond for a purpose I needn't trouble you with, and before I set out on my travels I told him that if I met with a particularly fine one at a moderate price I would buy it for him, and he, being too busy at the time to attend to the matter himself, gladly consented. I was staying at Nice when there came to the hotel one of those tall, loquacious Americans who are now so plentiful all over Europe. There seemed to be nothing objectionable about the man, except that he was vulgar and eternally talking about the United States.

"On the evening after his arrival a few of us happened to be sitting in the billiard room, and by some chance or other the conversation turned on the subject of diamonds.

" 'I don't know much about the business myself,' said the American, 'but I'm told by good judges that thar's about as good a stone as you'll see in a day's round.'

"So saying he drew a ring from his finger and handed it to me, who happened to sit next him. It was indeed a magnificent brilliant, set in a ring of a peculiar pattern. When the lamp was removed, it seemed to gather into itself the light out of the semidarkness and glittered like a bit of broken glass in the sunshine. 'What is it worth?' asked one of the men present.

" 'That I can hardly tell you,' answered the American, 'seein a friend at Buenos sent it to me direct, and I had it cut myself. But I'm tired of it and seldom wear it.'

" 'Would you sell it?' I inquired out of curiosity.

" 'I might,' answered the American, 'especially as this European trip is cleanin me out faster than I expected, and I don't want to go home to Vermont skinned as neatly as a cod. Yes, you may have that diamond for £80 of your money, stranger, and dirt cheap at that, I should say.'

"I looked at the stone again, and the longer I looked at it the more I liked it. Eighty pounds was quite as much as my friend wished to pay for a stone, but what if I could get one for him worth £100 for £80?

" 'Will you trade?' he asked.

" 'I am not a judge of diamonds myself,' said I, returning the stone to its owner. 'I'm afraid I couldn't buy without taking a lapidary's opinion as to its value.'

" 'All right,' said the American carelessly; 'if you care to hev it, we can go round to a jeweler's in the mornin. And if he puts a lower value on the stone than I did you can hev it at the price he names, if you like to buy. I can't say fairer than that.'

"The offer did indeed seem a very fair one, and I went to bed that night determined to secure the jewel for my friend if the expert reported favorably on it.

"Next morning the American and I strolled down to the shop of the chief jeweler of the town, and when we entered the place I first of all paid my footing by purchasing some trifle, and then taking the ring from the hand of my new acquaintance I placed it before the jeweler and asked him to give me an opinion as to its value.

" 'A ver' fine stone, sir,' said the Frenchman. 'I congratulate you on the possession of so fine a diamond.'

" 'It is not mine. It belongs to my friend here.'

" 'Ah, if that be the case, then I congratulate heem,' said the polite tradesman.

" 'What do you suppose it is worth?' I asked.

" 'Oh, it is difficult to say,' said the Frenchman, shrugging his shoulders. 'Von gentleman sinks von price mor' for him; another sinks'——

" 'Yes, but what would you give if you were to buy it? Would you give 1,800 francs?'

"The jeweler did not reply for a few seconds. He popped his microscope once more into his eye, held the ring up to the light, examined the setting and fell to making elaborate calculations with a pencil on a sheet of paper.

" 'I do not often buy such large stones, but I will give you 2,500 francs for this one.'

"The Yankee did not reply, and the Frenchman, assuming that his offer was accepted, placed the ring on a little ledge behind him and opened his desk for his checkbook.

" 'Not so fast,' said Brother Jonathan. 'The diamond's not for sale.'

" 'Two thousand six hundred francs,' was the Frenchman's reply.

"The American shook his head.

" 'Seven hundred—eight hundred!'

" 'No!'

" 'Nine hundred—3,000 francs! That is my last offer. Pause, I beg of you, monsieur, before you refuse it. It is a large sum—3,000 francs.' And as if he were convinced that no one could refuse such a price he put the stone once more among his own treasures and again turned round for his checkbook.

" 'Thunder,' exclaimed the Yankee, 'what do you take me for? I tell you I can't and I won't sell you the ring. It was as good as sold to this British gentleman last night, and it isn't mine to sell any more. Give me the ring.'

"So saying the American took the ring rather sharply from the jeweler's hand and replaced it on his finger. The Frenchman next made me an offer for the trinket, but as I had not bought it for myself of course I could not sell it, and we left the shop.

"My mind was clear now as to the prudence of giving £80 for the diamond. I had heard the best jeweler in the town offer 3,000 francs, or £120, for it.

" 'Well, I must say you have acted most honorably,' said I to the American when we reached the street. 'After all, a bargain can't be all on one side, and I had never promised to buy the ring, so you had a perfect legal right to sell it to the Frenchman.'

" 'You needn't say no more, stranger,' said the Yankee as if he were tired of the subject. 'You can hev the stone now if you choose at the price we fixed on last night.' And he held the ring out to me.

"But I had to get my letters of credit cashed, and I agreed to meet the American in the billiard room in an hour's time and conclude the transaction.

"No one was in the billiard room when I entered it, for it was still early in the day, except the American, who was standing by the empty fireplace. The transfer did not occupy more than five seconds, and the Yankee immediately proposed drinks. These being discussed, we separated, and I saw no more of my friend from the States that day.

"That evening after dinner I happened to be sitting not far from the fireplace in the billiard room when I noticed a small round object lying just inside the marble fender. Curious to know what it was, I left my seat and picked it up. It was a jeweler's ringcase, not an uncommon article certainly, yet hardly the sort of thing one often sees on the floor of a billiard room.

"Suddenly I remembered that the American had been standing close to the spot where I found it when earlier in the day I had exchanged my 2,000 francs' worth of notes for his diamond. An uncomfortable feeling crossed my mind. What did he want with a ringcase? He had been wearing the ring he sold to me. He might have kept a case for it of course and might have thrown it away when he parted with the ring.

"I opened the case. The maker's name was inscribed in gilt letters inside the lid, and the address given was Paris. 'Paris!' said I to myself. 'He said the ring had been bought in Brazil.' There was no real ground for suspicion, yet I was uneasy. I went up stairs and took out the ring. The pattern—you see it is a peculiar one—I remembered well. Somehow I judged or fancied that the diamond did not shine as brightly as it had done the night before.

"Next morning I took the ring to a second jeweler and asked him his opinion as to its value. He examined the diamond carefully and laid it down on the glass case before him with one contemptuous word:

" 'Paste!'

" 'Paste!' I echoed. 'Impossible!'

" 'Certainly paste, and a very good imitation,' he replied, turning away.

"My heart sank within me. Eighty pounds was a sum I could ill afford to lose.

"With a faint hope that the second expert had been mistaken, I took the ring to the jeweler who had offered the American 3,000 francs for it.

"He seemed pleased to see me, but as soon as he had glanced at the ring his face changed.

" 'This is not the same ring you showed me yesterday,' he said in a tone that made it plain that he thought I meant to cheat him. 'At least,' he added, 'it is not the same stone. This is not a stone at all—it is paste.'

" 'So I have been told,' I said sadly. 'Are you sure the jewel I showed you yesterday was a genuine diamond?'

" 'I am certain of it,' he answered.

"The honorable conduct—as I had thought it—of the stranger in refusing to sell to the jeweler was now intelligible. The jeweler meant to keep the real stone. It was not difficult to see how the fraud had been managed. The swindler had had two rings made exactly alike of a striking and peculiar pattern. In one of them he had placed a genuine and very fine diamond. This was the decoy. In the other he had put a false diamond, closely resembling in size and shape the genuine one in the first ring. The one he wore and offered to sell was the true stone. When he got it back from the jeweler, he had kept it and had given me the sham one in exchange for my £80. What was I to do?

"The first thing was to ascertain whether my friend had left the hotel. Of course he had—on the afternoon of the previous day. Still the scent was so hot that I fancied I should have little difficulty in tracing him. But when I found him my difficulties would only begin. Of course he would swear that he had sold me the ring with the stone which the jeweler had declared to be genuine. I might conceivably have substituted paste for the true gem as well as he. In any case, when I thought of the difficulty of getting back my money from an American wandering about Europe, my heart sank within me. Even if the police consented to help me, taking my word against his, even if the rogue were convicted, how was I to recover the 2,000 francs?

"These thoughts passed through my mind as I hurried back to the hotel. Certainly the prospect was gloomy.

"I easily ascertained that the American had taken the train for Paris the day before, and I determined to follow him at once. I did not despair of finding him, as he would probably put up at one of the good hotels.

"On the way up to Paris I could think of nothing but my loss. This fellow I saw had hit upon a very safe and profitable method of swindling. In nine cases out of ten the cheated man would not discover his loss for years after he had seen the last of the American, if indeed the trick was discovered at all, for the paste was quite good enough to deceive a casual observer, and the owner would of course be actuated by a profound faith in his diamond straight from Brazil. Had it not been for the incident of my finding the ringcase, which the rogue had accidentally dropped, I should in all probability have unwittingly cheated poor Turenne out of his money, and he might afterward have been supposed to be trying to palm off a spurious diamond for a real gem. In all probability the fellow made a living, and a very good one, by going about Europe and practicing this trick.

"This idea sent off my thoughts on a new track, and by the time I had arrived in Paris I had decided on my course of action.

"First of all, I made careful inquiries at the railway station as to a tall American who had arrived from Nice by a certain train on a preceding day, and by the help of some 5 franc pieces I found the cabman who had driven him to his hotel—the Continental.

"This being ascertained, I chose a quiet, unpretending hotel for myself near one of the railway stations. Then I emptied the contents of a light bag on my bed, and taking it empty in my hand went to a theatrical costumer's, and saying I intended to take part in some private theatricals I hired the costume of a French abbe. It was a part I had often played in a piece that had a pretty long run in London some eight years ago, and I had little doubt that I should be able to acquit myself in it fairly well. I got the proper dress, wig, powder and everything complete, and having put all the articles into my bag I went to one of the railway stations and took a return ticket for a station a little way out in the country.

"To my disgust I found it impossible to get a compartment to myself. The train was too crowded, but I reflected that the trains returning to Paris would probably be much less crowded in the afternoon than those going into the country.

"In this supposition I was right. I hung about the suburban railway station till a return train was about to start. It was nearly empty, and a douceur to the guard secured me the privacy I needed. By the time I returned to Paris I was a stout, benevolent looking French priest in comfortable circumstances. My suit of tweeds I had placed in my bag, which I took care to leave at the railway station. Then I made the best of my way to the Hotel Continental.

"I was just in time for the table d'hote, and as I took my seat I noticed with great satisfaction that my transatlantic friend was sitting not far off, and that he had not a suspicion of my identity. Nothing, I knew, could be done until after dinner, so I waited through the tedious procession of courses as patiently as I could, and when at last they came to an end I followed the American and a little group of men who surrounded him to the smoking room. It was not exactly the place for a priest, but I could not help that.

"I sat down by a little round table near the American, but slightly behind him, so as to be able to hear the conversation without joining in it unless I wished. From time to time I offered a remark, speaking of course in French, to the man who sat next me, but for the most part I smoked my cigar and sipped my coffee in silence.

"As I expected, it was not long before diamonds became the subject of conversation.

" 'I don't know much about diamonds myself,' said the American, speaking in his native tongue, 'but I'm told by good judges that thar's about as good a stone as you'll see anywhere round.' Almost exactly the phrases, I said to myself, which the fellow used to me at Nice!

" 'You kin take a look at it,' he added carelessly, drawing off the ring and handing it to one of the group. I bent forward, so as to see more clearly what was going on. One after another the men who were sitting near examined and admired the ring. The man next me was the last to look at it.

" 'A friend I hev at Buenos Ayres sent it to me, and I had it cut myself.'

"At this point I noticed that my neighbor had finished his examination of the diamond, and I touched him, intimating that I, too, would like to have a look at it. He handed it to me as a matter of course.

"It was the very ring which had been exhibited in the same way at Nice. I had the imitation one which had been palmed off upon me ready in my hand, and under pretense of trying the effect of the gem on my finger I easily substitued the one for the other, slipped the false ring on my finger, admired it, as in duty bound, and then pulling it off handed it back to my neighbor, who in turn gave it to the American.

"I put the real diamond, which I had secured, into my pocket and finished my coffee hastily just as Brother Jonathan was making an appointment with a rich young Frenchman to meet at the shop of a fashionable jeweler next morning and take his opinion on the value of the gem.

" 'And since it has taken your fancy,' said the unsuspicious American, 'you shall hev it for the same sum the jeweler offers me for it. I can't say fairer than that now, can I?'

"I went back to the railway station, got my bag, changed my hat and coat in the waiting room, slipped into the hotel and next day set off for Cannes.

"My only regret was that I was unable to make a study of the American's face when the Paris jeweler put a price on his beautiful diamond next morning."—Exchange.

55 Photographic Views of the World's Fair.

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Showing pictures of the grand Exhibition Buildings, of beautiful Foreign, State and Territorial Buildings with their glittering domes and towers, of massive Arches, of noble Statuary, of jetting Fountains, of beautiful Interior Exhibits, of Venetian Gondolas, gliding over the winding Lagoons, of Pavilions, of Foreign Villages, of Cafes, of the Wooded Island, and many other attractions of the Dream City and

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On the shore of Lake Michigan, from May 1 to October 30, 1893, stood the Magic City—the Dream City—that caused the whole world to halt and gaze in wonder and amazement. This was the crowning event in America's history of 400 years. Every nation from "Greenland's Icy Mountains to India's Coral Strand," from darkest Africa to the islands of the sea, poured forth their riches as tribute to the World's Columbian Exposition, that it should be the most marvelous display of ancient and modern times. All that the brain of man and woman had conceived, that human skill could execute, was there. Among these was the largest building in the world, largest engine in the world, most powerful electrical machinery in the world, fastest train in the world, greatest cannon in the world, strongest search-light in the world, highest wheel in the world, most extensive collection of paintings in the world, and a thousand and one other greatest things were there within an area of 633 acres, of which 250 acres were covered with buildings that alone cost Twenty-three Million Dollars. All this wealth of the earth and genius of mind was concentrated there to exemplify the imperial glories of our nation. Only the spirit and the pictures remain with us. The spirit will make our nation greater and all humanity better, while the pictures make a pictorial history that will tell the story to all the children of men.

THOSE WHO WENT TO THE FAIR

Will live again in these pictures and accompanying descriptions, the delights they experienced on that memorable trip to the Fair. They are sure to exclaim, "Why, it seems as though I am right there!"

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COUPON WILL BE FOUND ON THE FIFTH PAGE.

THE CITIZEN, 69 DEARBORN ST.

THE MILLIONTH OF A SECOND.

This Astonishingly Small Amount of Time Measured by Electricity.

Instantaneous photography has made us familiar with the fact that very minute subdivisions of time are possible. Successful negatives are now frequently taken where exposure lasts only the one-thousandth part of a second.

But at the first blush the statement that a single tick of the clock—the three thousand six-hundredth part of an hour—can be divided into millionths seems almost incredible, so infinitesimal is the fraction of time to be determined.

This is a scientific age, and science is nothing if it is not exact. Man has measured and weighed the abysses of the great oceans that cover three-fourths of the surface of our migratory planet and can give approximately the number of drops of water and grains of sodium chloride of which it is made up.

He has also computed the size, measured the distances and analyzed the composition of stars so distant as to be not even visible to the naked eye. After this it requires a very bold or a very ignorant individual to set any limit to human ingenuity.

That extremely minute fractions of time could be accurately determined was incidentally discovered by a celebrated electrician while making some famous experiments with regard to the velocity of electricity.

For the purpose of his experiment he caused an electric discharge from a Leyden jar to be sent through half a mile of copper wire with a break in the center. This gave rise to three sparks, which were reflected in a rapidly rotating mirror revolving at the enormous rate of 800 times a second.

The position of the sparks in the mirror showed that the central spark was slightly out of line, or was slightly retarded as compared with the other two, which were strictly simultaneous. The mirror, therefore, had moved forward somewhat while the electric charge was traveling through the quarter of a mile of wire to the central break.

The difference between the position of the sparks was found to be one-fourth of a degree, and as the mirror revolved through 360 degrees in the one eight-hundredth of a second the actual retardation of the central spark amounted to the one one million one hundred and fifty-second thousandth part of a second only.

This is the smallest fraction of time ever determined. It is obvious that by simply lengthening the wire through which the electric discharge is sent less minute fractions of time can be accurately determined in a similar manner.

If it takes an electric discharge the one-millionth part of a second to travel over one-quarter mile of wire, it takes four times as long to journey a mile, or, to be exact, the two hundred and eighty-eighth thousandth part of a second. In other words, electricity travels 288,000 miles per second.

It is by the above method scientists have been able to ascertain the velocity of electricity and duration of electric flash, the speed and duration of lightning, the velocity of light and much other valuable information respecting the properties of these forces of nature. —Boston Globe.

John Ruskin's Home.

Brantwood, the chosen lakeside home of John Ruskin during the last quarter century of his life, occupies one of the most favored spots in all England. Situated on the border line of Lancashire and Cumberland in the lake district, it overlooks the smallest of the waters in that "lake country" with which the names of Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, Lamb, Lloyd and Wilson are indelibly connected.

Set in the background of a half encircling wood of exquisite grace and mystic beauty, as seen in the green half light of its tranquil shade, Brantwood is protected from the east winds by the open, rising moorland that stretches far to the rear and faces a long slope of lawn that sweeps down to Coniston water's edge. Behind the green and purple moor the water of its overflowing wells runs swiftly down the rocks with all the fuss of a real cascade, and the exalted rock of "Naboth" rises just beyond the borders of his estate—a sort of natural pulpit which is rented by Ruskin, so that from its greater height, which he loves to climb, he may gaze upon the wider view. In front the narrow lake, sparkling in the sun and blue as the waters of the Rhone or of Thun. Then the rising banks beyond of broken green, with white faced houses blinking behind the trees, and the gray village of Coniston nestling away to the right, close down by the head of the lake, and beyond the "Old Man" himself towers above the smaller hills that rise close about his knees.—McClure's Magazine.

An Easier Plan.

Little Daughter—This book says that in Norway a girl has to make a whole lot of linen before she can get married.

Mother—Yes, it is the custom there.

Little Daughter—I'm glad I'm an American. Here we only have to learn to typewrite.—Good News.

A woman wearing stays as loosely as is possible for such articles to be worn exerts a pressure of 40 pounds on the organs which they compress. Such figures in cold print are startling.

HUNTING IN CHINA.

SOME OF THE PLEASURES AND DRAWBACKS OF THE SPORT.

Dogs Afflicted In Many Ways—But Withal There Is Considerable Fine Game—Description of Hawking—The Chinese Not Much Given to the Chase.

Foreigners have found much sport in hunting in China, and much sorrow too. Those who have brought fine dogs out with them complain that their dogs die of the mange from having to wade through dirty streams and ponds. Some die from what is called worms in the heart, while others become deaf from a grass seed that gets in their ears, or lame from a seed that works its way into the foot and up into the leg before it comes out. Last, not least, if care is not taken, the poor beast is nearly eaten up with ticks. As for the hunters, they complain bitterly of mosquitoes.

There is another trouble in most parts of China, and that is in a land like this, where armies almost raise from the ground when one stamps his foot, it is dangerous to shoot, for no one knows just how many luckless Chinamen may be in range of the gun, though perhaps none at that time may be seen, but for all that fine bags of duck, geese, snipe, bustard (China's wild turkey), woodcock, quail and pheasants are killed. These sportsmen are not missionaries, but sailors and merchants. Some missionaries, when passing through these regions, leave their jolty carts and lay in a fine supply of duck and bustard for their families and thus make a pleasure of what perhaps would be a very hard and unpleasant journey.

The Chinese can hardly be called hunters, although the emperors and wealthy men of leisure have always shown some taste for the chase. Three miles south of Peking there is a walled imperial hunting park, which is some 50 miles in circumference. It contains large meadows stocked with antelope, deer and rabbits. In the park there is one species of deer that is not known to exist in any other part of the globe. Chinese ancient history tells us of some famous hunters and fishermen. But the Chinese are by no means given to the chase as a rule, perhaps because the people are too busy, and partly because the sale and manufacture of firearms are restricted.

During the winter season we can buy all the ducks, pheasants and rabbits we want. They are caught in traps, driven into a net, caught with dogs or shot with a gun. There is other game—the muskwolf and the fox. The first is sought for its fur and also for the fine hair in its tail, which is used in the Chinese writing brushes. The last named animal—the fox—is a sacred animal. It is believed to be able to perform many wonderful things, among others to change its body into human form, to cure disease, and also to do much evil. The shy old fox—there is no telling what he may do.

The Chinese never write the name of the fox if they can help it, for they believe that it displeases his majesty very much. The animal is worshiped. I have seen intelligent men in Peking burn incense and bow down to worship it. But for all that his sacredness does not always save his skin, and after that has gone his divinity has depreciated in value. I have a large and beautiful fox-skin overcoat I purchased from a Chinaman for $16, which could not be bought for $40 at home. The wolves are sought for their skins too. They collect in such numbers around this city sometimes as to be dangerous to man and beast.

Hawking, like that of the middle ages, is practiced here by the men of leisure. Traveling through this country one often sees a man in the villages and towns with a savage looking hawk on his arm. These birds are trained for the chase and become perfectly manageable. They are kept in fine condition, and if a feather happens to fall out of the bird's tail during the time he is most used it is replaced, for the Chinese believe that the flight of a bird or at least his movement to right or left or rapid descent depends much on the tail. Let us imagine our party starting out for a day's sport mounted on horses, men dressed in long flowing garments, with dogs, whip in one hand and the hawk upon the left arm or shoulder. They do not leave some feudal castle with gates and walls and drawbridges, but some uninviting one story building. The dogs, which are well trained as well as the hawks, are tied so they cannot run about as they please and spoil the fun. Away they go across the fields, with no fences to bother. They ride where they please and as fast as they please.

When a rabbit jumps up, the fun begins. The dogs and hawk are let loose. Then, with whoop and hurrah, helter skelter, away go horse, rider and rabbit, who outruns them all. But at this time the hawk makes a swoop down upon its prey, and with its talons gives the poor victim a blow that knocks it down. The rider and dogs are still in hot pursuit. The hawk rises in the air and then makes another swoop down upon the rabbit, much to the delight of the sportsman, and knocks the poor animal a-whirling. But the rabbit is soon up and at it again, but is soon foiled by the bird and caught by the dogs. The bird returns to its master's arms to wait until another rabbit, or hare, for they are more properly hares, is sighted, and then the run begins again. Sometimes the rabbit, or hare, seeing the odds are against him, prefers to fight rather than to run.—Cor. Louisville Courier-Journal.

Appointed Her a Tipstaff.

Judge Ewing of Uniontown, Pa., has made a novel appointment. He has made Mrs. Sarah Elkins a tipstaff of the court, to have charge of the ladies' waiting room and look after the female witnesses and prisoners and take care of their rooms.

Since the universal vogue of the gummed envelopes sealing wax is in much less frequent use in England and the United States than formerly, but it is still very popular in France.

DREAM'S PROMPTINGS.

There Is a Constant Flow of Unconscious Thought While We Sleep.

The physiologists of the first half of the century and some more modern writers expressed the belief that dreaming only occurred at the moment when consciousness began to resume its sway.

But in The North American Review. Dr. Louis Robinson says that modern investigators accept the theory of the metaphysicians and believe that there is a certain amount of cerebral action during the whole period of sleep, and that the vast majority of our dreams never come to our knowledge. He thinks that there is an unbroken current of ideas which passes through the sleeping brain, and which only reveals itself to the conscious ego when some disturbing element intervenes. "We may compare it to an invisible and silent river, flowing by without betraying its presence, save where there is a splash of a fish or of a falling stone, or some foaming eddy where a rock breaks the smooth surface."

Dr. Robinson's article is long and interesting. The conclusions at which he arrives are as follows: Owing to the unceasing unconscious cerebration which is a necessary concomitant of our power of intellect, the brain is always in part awake, and is especially active in shifting memorized matter. The cerebral centers connected with the sense organs are continually and independently employed in stimulating impressions from without. Certain of the senses, especially that of hearing, remain open to external influences during sleep and convey actual vibrations to the brain. There is an active and purely involuntary predisposition on the part of the mental apparatus to compare and collate all the messages which come, or seem to come, from without, through the sense channels, and to collate these again with what is brought to the consciousness by involuntary recollection. Associated with this is a tendency to combine the evidence so collected into a coherent whole, and to make the result of either explain the more emphatic thoughts or impressions, or else answer some questions which occupied the attention before sleep began. "No voluntary power exists during sleep to pick out from the jumble handed in that which is relevant to the problem to be solved, and just as there is no power to discriminate real from false impressions at the outset, so, throughout a dream, we are completely oblivious to the most glaring fallacies and inconsistencies."—Rochester Post-Express.

Had No Eyes, but He "Saw."

"I should like to have the key of the unoccupied house,—— Wharton street," requested a well dressed man as he entered the office of a down town real estate agent.

"Yes, sir," and the key was handed over. As the caller departed it was noticed that he kept prodding the floor with his cane as he walked. But his gait was almost as brisk and as straight as though he had no affliction whatever. This was remarked as he left the office.

He returned a half hour later with a step as quick as ever and with business in every motion. "I like the house," he said, as he handed over the key, "but there is considerable repairing to be done. The paint should be renewed. The front bedroom and dining room are sadly in need of repapering," and so he went on until he had enumerated a half dozen things that were necessary to be done.

It afterward transpired that he had acquired all his knowledge simply by the sense of touch. His examination had been as thorough as though he had had the use of two good eyes. It was really a remarkable performance.—Philadelphia Call.

Long Talks.

Parliamentarians and orators in general claim that no man could talk coherently on a single subject for more than six hours, yet hundreds of cases to the contrary could be cited. When De Cosmos defended the settlers' land bill in the lower house of the British Columbian parliament, he talked continually for 26 hours. The act confiscating the property of De Cosmos' constituents had to be passed by noon of a certain day; De Cosmos was the only defender. He took the floor at 9:55 o'clock the day previous to the date when the law would become a dead letter and kept it until 12:05 the following day. It is said that his tongue and lips were cracked in hundreds of places and his shirt front covered with blood. A speech 11 hours longer than the British Columbian's famous argument was delivered in the Roumanian chamber of deputies in 1887. It was on the occasion of the impeachment of ex-Minister Bratiano, the leading deputy supporting the articles of impeachment talking continuously for 37 hours.—Exchange.

Abandonment of Cronstadt.

The harbor of Cronstadt in Russia is to be closed to merchant vessels after 1895, and a new harbor will be opened along a maritime canal just below St. Petersburg. This harbor will be 22 feet deep, cost 1,000,000 rubles, and be the central point for the unloading of coal and the loading of grain and other articles of export. The department of public works is also considering the advisability of constructing a tunnel under the Neva like that under the Thames in London, but built in four stories. This abandonment of Cronstadt is of especial interest, for it was Peter the Great who established and indeed created it for the port of St. Petersburg.—Springfield Republican.

Science of Divine Providence.

Not a great while ago a learned ignoramus delivered a sermon on "The Science of Divine Providence." "Sir," said a genuine student, at the close, "will you not favor us with a lecture on 'The Faith of Geometry?'"—Christian Advocate.

TRICOLOR AND COCKADE.

Origin of the Historic Red, White and Blue Colors of France.

Some 70 or 80 years before France was involved in the flames of the revolution—that is, at the epoch of the war of the succession, when she was in close alliance with Spain and Bavaria—it was thought desirable to distinguish the allied soldiers by a cockade, which combined the colors of the three nations—the white of France, the red of Spain, and the blue of Bavaria.

To none of such incidents, however, would it be wise to attribute the origin of the historic tricolor and cockade adopted by revolutionary France. At the outset there seemed a likelihood that green, which Camille Desmoulins had popularized at the Palais Royal, would have become the national color, but men remembered in time that it was that of the livery of the Comte d'Artois, the most unpopular of the Bourbon princes, and it was thereupon discarded.

A proposition was then made to assume the colors of the city of Paris—blue and red, as Dumas reminds us in his "Six Ans Apres." To these was added the white of so many glorious memories, because it had been selected by the national guard—always faithful to the throne and its traditions.

Not until some months after the capture of the Bastille was the tricolor definitely adopted when Bailly and Lafayette presented it to Louis XVI in the great hall of the Hotel de Ville, and the convention issued a decree in which it was described as consisting of three colors—"disposees en trois bandes egales, de maniere que le bleu soit attache a la garde du pavilion, le blanc au milieu, et le rouge flottant dans les airs"—that is, in equal vertical sections, with the blue inward, the red outward and the white between.

This is the historic flag which Napoleon's legions, in conjunction with their eagles, bore victoriously from the Seine to the Elbe, the Tagus, the Borodino and the Danube, which they planted victoriously on the walls of almost every European capital.—All the Year Round.

The Greatness of Little Things Again.

Here is a good comic opera story: Marie Wainwright was speaking of her nervousness on the first night of a new production, and she said that an absurd contretemps nearly threw her off her balance during a first night. She continued: "Perhaps you remember that as Dame Hannah in 'Ruddigore' I had to go on with a small dagger, with which I was supposed to threaten the wicked baronet's life. When my turn came round, the dagger had disappeared and was nowhere to be found. Nothing would induce me to go on without my property, and although Mr. Barrington implored me to appear without it I was resolute. Of course there was a terrible stage wait, and at last Mr. Barrington grew desperate, and forcing something into my hand absolutely pushed me on to the stage. And what do you think it was?" asked Miss Wainwright, laughing at the reminiscence. "Of all things, it was a large gas key! I contrived, however, to conceal the absurd makeshift from the audience, but when I had to hand my supposed dagger to Mr. Grossmith he most unkindly gave me away. 'How can I kill myself with this thing?' he said, holding up the gas key in its entirety to the audience. Of course there was a perfect howl of laughter, and for some minutes we were unable to continue."—New York Recorder.

A Cheerful Time.

A Sunday or two ago one of our popular dentists had quite a picnic in the exercise of his profession. A suffering citizen said to his wife as she started for church, "If you meet Dr. ——, send him over." She did happen to meet him, and the man of forceps was soon with the suffering citizen, whose courage fell to zero on seeing him. "Fact was he didn't think his wife would meet the doctor, and if the latter would accept payment for his trouble he would be glad to have him go away without torturing an unwilling victim." "Let's see the offender," said the dentist, and then, following up the advantage, he soon had five grinders where they would do no more aching. Suffering citizen was then a happy man, and desiring to also make happy a neighbor whom he knew was afraid of a dentist he inveigled Mr. P. into the dread presence, and after some coaxing out came 13 snags to make way for a set. Then the neighbor, in his great sense of relief, called in his wife, who yielded seven more to the harvest. By this time the man afraid of a dentist, who had had out 13, concluded it was just fun and sat down for a pull of three more. Then the doctor was out of business and counted up 27 samples of jaw misery as the result of his friendly call. —Old Colony (Mass.) Memorial.

He Was "No Slouch" at Pool.

He was tall, lean and lanky, wore a peaked cap, had hayseed in his hair and resembled a typical farmer from the remotest part of up country. He was interested in watching a game of pool in a Smith street resort and was full of exclamations and comments as the game progressed. Then he was inveigled into a game with people who imagined that they had a dead cinch on him. The long arms and lank legs hung all over the table for a moment, and then the game was over. An expert was at once pitted against him for money, and the betting on the outside became even. But the expert, like the man who drove the hearse, was not in it when the countryman had finished playing. "Gosh all hemlock!" observed the up country individual, "I reckon I am kinder soft, but you kin bet your boots I'm no slouch when it comes to shovin pool balls." And then he pulled out a salt bag, deposited his winnings in the deepest corner and shuffled out, leaving the vanquished bettors to ruminate upon the perverseness of human judgment.—Brooklyn Standard Union.

THE CURIOUS LEMMING.

A Remarkable Animal Found In the Highlands of Norway and Sweden.

Very nearly related to the field mice are the lemmings, which are in their way among the most remarkable of animals. They are about five inches long, with very short tails. Dwelling in the highlands of the great central mountain chain of Norway and Sweden, they build their nests of straw lined with hair under stones and tussocks of grass. They are very pugnacious. When disturbed, instead of trying to escape, they sit upright, hissing and showing fight.

Certain cultivated districts of Sweden and Norway, where these creatures are ordinarily unknown, are occasionally, at intervals of from 5 to 25 years, overrun by armies of them, which steadily and slowly advance, always in the same direction, regardless of all obstacles, swimming across streams and even lakes several miles in breadth and committing great devastation. In turn they are pursued and harassed by crowds of beasts and birds of prey, such as bears, wolves, foxes, wildcats, weasels, eagles, hawks and owls. Even domestic animals—cattle, goats and reindeer—join in the hunt.

None of these migrant lemmings ever returns by the course from which it came. The onward march of the survivors never ceases until they reach the sea, into which they plunge, and swimming onward in the same direction as before perish in the waves.

As a matter of fact, the lemmings which perish in the sea are acting under the same blind impulse that led them previously to cross smaller pieces of water in safety. No survivors of the migrating hordes ever live to transmit their final and fatal experience to subsequent generations, and so this gigantic mistake is periodically repeated.

Abnormal increase of number and consequent necessity for food bring about the migration from the highlands to the lowlands, winding up in the ocean. The animals only travel at night and pause when they find sustenance plentiful. Exhaustion of the food supply compels them to proceed. Naturally they would not turn back on their tracks, the region behind being eaten bare. It is a curious fact that during these journeys they multiply enormously and even more rapidly than at home. Such a migration lasts from one to three years.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Snake Charming.

The secrets of snake charming are much simpler than most people imagine. The snakes to be handled are gorged with food until they become drowsy, or else they are drugged so that their senses are dazed. Sometimes they are kept in iceboxes, and the cold puts them in a semitorpid condition. In either case the snakes are only half alive.

In handling the reptile the hand must always grasp it at certain places where the head can be guided and held from the body. This is the hardest thing to learn; but, like everything else, it comes with practice. By dint of dexterity and strength the snake is easily passed from one hand to the other and is allowed to coil about the body. The snake charmer, however, must be on the alert. When the snake becomes too lively, it is put back into the icebox.

In handling a reptile with the fangs in—which ought to be prohibited by law—one requires great strength, as the strain on the system during the performance is very great. The grasp and movements must be precise and accurate. There is no room for hesitancy or uncertainty. Most of the snakes handled, however, are harmless so far as poisoning is concerned.—Charles Robinson in Lippincott's.

Popular Stones For Jewelry.

Through all changes, when every stone seems to have its day, the diamond stands alone, incomparable. In these days stones are brought into prominence to meet the demand for variety, and such stones as the amethyst, the aquamarine, the chrysoberyl, the golden carnelian and many other stones known as semiprecious are so wonderfully cut and set as to greatly increase their intrinsic value. These stones are very fashionable just at present set in the form of collar and girdle. The turquoise has been more universally adopted in recent years than any other stone. The greatest number and some of the most beautiful have of late years been found in our own country. During the last three years $400,000 worth of American turquoises have been used. And the opal—that exquisite stone with its fairy light dancing over its delicate surface—just now it is finding its reward after many years of prejudice. Indeed, so far has the old superstition regarding this stone been removed that it has become, when set in diamonds, one of the chosen stones for the engagement ring, and the woman who can claim among her associates the most beautiful opal is to be envied, not pitied.—Jewelers' Circular.

Who Owned the Bird?

A hawk captured and killed a carrier pigeon in Druid Hill park a few days ago after a protracted chase. The chase was witnessed by a number of persons. The lightninglike movements of the pursuer and pursued were a revelation to those who were not versed in the flights of birds. The pigeon, as long as it kept in a straight line, beat the hawk flying, but on becoming frightened and confused it began a zigzag course and was then an easy prey. Captain Cassell frightened the hawk so that he got the pigeon, but the pigeon was dead when it struck the ground. On one of its legs was a metal band bearing the capital letters A. S. H. C., the large figures 291 and the small figures 86.—Baltimore Sun.

How He Was.

X. is a malade imaginaire whose chief hobby it is to get a doctor to visit him every day. A friend called to see him one morning. "Well, how are you today?"

"I don't know—the doctor hasn't been here yet!"—Grillon.

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St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koelzer, 103 23rd place; R S, Joseph Seitz, 164 E 18th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Val Schmittschmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

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St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lusz, 122 Noble av; R S, C W Dorband, 978 Seminary av F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Osgood

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St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Blindaule, 485 Larrabee st; R S, Peter E Neuses, 76 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schome. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson avs.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 573 Well st; R S, A C Lipke, 128 Hudson av; F S, Fred Krings; Treas, J J Cremer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Cybourne av and Halsted st.

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No. 26 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, stem-wind and set, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour), plain regulator, and all improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid 14k. gold, U. S. assay. It weighs 2 oz., and is a beauty. We save subscribers many dollars, and sell this elegant watch, delivered free, for.....$32.80

GOLD WATCH, OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.60.
OFFER NO. 22.

No. 22 is an elegant Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain all the improvements mentioned in No. 26. The case is made by rolling together a sheet of solid gold and another of fine composition metal. The case thus made will wear for years. It looks just like a $100 solid gold watch, and it will bring a handsome sum in cash or exchange. Price, delivered.....$9.60

HUNTING CASE GOLD WATCH.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $10.80.
OFFER NO. 23.

No. 23 has works like No. 26, and a handsome case made of gold reinforced with composition metel, just like that in No. 22. Price delivered.....$10.80

NICKEL-SILVER WATCH.
WALTHAM OR ELGIN, OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $5.50.
OFFER NO. 29.

No. 29 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. It has jeweled works, exactly like those mentioned in No. 26, but open face. This watch is a magnificent timekeeper, and the case, while solid and durable, is very handsome. It is composed throughout of solid nickel-silver, not nickel-plate, and it is men's full size. This elegant watch is good for a lifetime of rough wear. It is specially adapted to the use of farmers, planters and all other men of affairs who give a watch hard usage. In looks and timekeeping qualities it is unsurpassed by any watch in this list. We will send this timepiece to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for.....$5.50

DIAMOND SPECIAL NO. 2.
GOLD WATCH, JEWELED GOLD HANDS.
HUNTING CASE, ELGIN ONLY.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $15.50.
OFFER NO. 27.

No. 27 is a magnificent Elgin hunting-case watch. It has the very greatest improvements, including the world-renowned cut balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, jeweled balance, quick train, dust band, full plate, etc. The jewels are real precious stones. It has a genuine porcelain dial with either Roman or Arabic figures, and gold hands set with sparkling gems. These hands are made in Europe, by processes yet unattainable in this country. The gems have all the appearance and sparkle of real, genuine diamonds, and in the trade are often sold as diamonds. They are extremely handsome, and give to the watch the appearance of a $100 timepiece. The case is made of solid 14-karat gold in two plates, stiffened between with a sheet of very stiff composition metal. The gold is warranted to last 10 years. The works are good for at least 50 years' wear. We will sell them for $15.50 each as long as they last, which includes free delivery anywhere in the United States.

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
HUNTING CASE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.
OFFER NO. 18.

No. 18 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case. The works are full-size and they are beautifully jeweled. The case is hunting only. Sent to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for.....$9.75

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.
OFFER NO. 18½.

No. 18½ is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case, open face. The works are made according to the latest design. This is an open-face watch, and it will prove satisfactory in every instance. Price to subscribers, including free delivery, only.....$9.75

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"THE LIMITED."

14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH, MEN'S SIZE HUNTING CASE—NO. 2487, PRICE $12.50.

The two following watches compose our new limited offer. This offer is limited in every way. The number of watches we can sell at this price is limited and the time the offer will last is also limited. Also remember that only Waltham and Elgin watches are offered. A gentleman who carries one of these watches asked a friend to guess the price. The friend guessed $100. Every purchaser has three days in which he may submit his watch to experts, and the money will be refunded in full if the watch is not found as guaranteed.

No. 2487 is our greatest bargain for men in many ways, and as we may discontinue it soon, subscribers should order at once. This elegant watch has either Waltham or Elgin works, with seven elegant jewels, compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, plain regulator, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour) and all the greatest improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid gold, 14k. fine, in two plates, between which a thin sheet of very stiff composition metal is placed for the purpose of making the case stronger and giving protection to the works. This watch is sold by watch clubs and installment men for $38, and it is worth it. We have made an immense purchase, and for a short time we will send one to any subscriber, safe delivery prepaid and guaranteed, for $12.50.

"THE LIMITED."

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This magnificent watch is just like No. 2487, but ladies' size. This is a most attractive watch, which is especially desirable where a lady wishes something really handsome at a reasonable price. The color of the gold is rich, and the timekeeping qualities of the watch are of high order. Price delivered, $12.50.

SOLID GOLD, FANCY ENGRAVED, HUNTING-CASE WATCH.
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OFFER NO. 28.

No. 28 is a watch of the very lastest style. The works contain seven jewels and all improvements. The case is solid gold, fancy engraved in a beautiful pattern. This watch is worth $25. We will send it, delivery gauranteed, and prepaid, for only.....$17.50

HUNTING-CASE GOLD WATCH.
LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $10.
OFFER NO. 24.

No. 24 is a Ladies' size, seven-jeweled watch, in an engraved hunting-case. This case is made by rolling a heavy sheet of solid gold upon a sheet of very stiff composition metal. It is just like a $50 solid gold watch in appearance. This is a great bargain, and we cannot recommend it too highly. It gives any person who has a small amount to spend a chance to own a gold watch. Price, by insured registered mail.....$10

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
HUNTING-CASE, WALTHAM OR ELGIN.
LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $9.50.
OFFER NO. 21.

No. 21 is a solid coin-silver hunting-case Waltham or Elgin watch. In the works are seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, plain regulator and all improvements. Like all the watches we offer, it is a stem-wind and setter. Sent to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for.....$9.50

HOW TO ORDER A WATCH—Select the one you desire to purchase and mention it by number. Give your own name, Postoffice, County and State plainly written. Enclose the price of the watch by draft, Postoffice Money Order, Express Money Order, or Registered Letter, and address

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